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EDINBURGH AND LONDON

OUR SUNDAY FIRESIDE

OR

Meditations ton Shildren.

BY RORY OF THE HILL.



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PREFACE.

THE aim of the following series of little stories is to supply, for the use of children, some meditations on the choice of life. When the mere heads or "points" are given, it is hard to secure the attention requisite for success. On this ground, doubtless, our Lord "always spoke in parables." For the same reason pictures and images are placed in churches, for the use of the unlearned. The picturesque incidents of a story are generally sufficient to gain a child's attention. ment is spontaneously passed on the actors in the drama. The appropriate feelings are excited, and then the child, without effort, transfers that judgment by analogy to his own case. The desired result of the meditation may thus not only be acquired, but also embedded for ever in the child's mind.

The first five stories are introductory. Maysey's Story depicts a life of noisy mirth and innocent Monty's Story is concerned with eniovment. material wealth. Mimi's Story describes the love of beauty, and the foolish gratulations of vainglory. Bernie's Story is a reverent contempla-Those are four aims of life. tion of nature. Besso's Tale is introductory to the first medita-Two camps are here brought under our attention. From one of them, every person must carry on the battle of his life. This is the subject of the first meditation, The War of the White and Red Standards. The second meditation is on the Way of Life, or the choice of the End in Life. The third is on the gratitude which we owe to God for His benefits. The fourth is concerned with the Business of Life. The subject of the fifth, which is called the Great Magician, is the providence of God, or His government of the world. The same subject is continued in the sixth meditation, on Punishments and Rewards. The seventh. or Bernie's Dream, is on the Last Judgment. The eighth gives a hope of forgiveness, as the last was intended to implant a fear of condemnation. The ninth mentions the Way of Forgiveness.

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OUR SUNDAY FIRESIDE;

OR,

CHILDREN'S MEDITATIONS.

"THEN, Papa, do tell us a story!" said Mimi, as she threw her little arms around her father's neck. "Oh! yes, do; that's a dear, good Papa!" shouted all the rest in chorus. In the excitement of expectation they sprang from their seats, and crowded round their father's arm-chair, to enforce their arguments by various little arts of endearment.

This Sunday afternoon in October the day is closing much earlier than usual. The children were told by their mother to shut up their storybooks, lest they should strain their eyes. May at once whispered to Mimi the above mischievous suggestion; and Mimi did not hesitate to utter it aloud.

Wild work is going on outside. A south-westerly gale is rising. The wind already blows in heavy gusts, and howls around the house. legions of giant forms stride past upon the storm. like phantom warriors of the Titanic age, hastening to the strife of elements. A heavy sea has already set in, and a few vessels, under close-reefed sails, are running from the anchorage under Dungeness Point, in order to get round the South Foreland before the sea grows worse. There they run -now searching a trough of the sea with their bowsprit ends, like hounds which are looking for the scent; and now staggering, with noses high in air, on the back of a proud foaming wave,-like the same hounds when the scent is good, and their full cry is heard from hill to hill. The sky is all one sheet of heavy grey, as if it had been blackleaded by the housemaid of Asgard,—the dwelling of the gods. Ever and anon great splashes of rain dash against the window panes,—as when Neptune squirted great water-spouts, from his fire-engine, against Vulcan's stithy, in a spiteful endeavour to put the nether fires out; or as Kühleborn washed the window-panes in his impatience for Undine.

It is already too dark to read any more; and yet it is an hour and a half before the children's

tea-time. There they sit in front of the fire. What a contrast between the inside of the house and the hurly-burly and uproar which rages in the dark and melancholy grey of the mist outside!

The fire has just been lit in the drawing-room, and is burning brightly. Papa's and Mamma's armchairs stand in front of the fire, while five little chairs complete the semicircle around the hearthrug, like some modern maëna-hirion, or druidical circle of "long-stones." The eldest child,—a sedate and silent girl of thirteen, sits next her father. Mimi is a full year younger. She crept into the world, like a beetle, through a crack where the year 1864 should have joined close on to 1865. Impulsive and light-hearted, she has hastily seized on the suggestion of her next sister, - May Miriam,—and implored Papa to tell a story. is sometimes called "Melancholy May;" because of her pale and dejected look. Sometimes when her face lights up, and her eyes sparkle with wonted mischief and impudence, she is called "Crazv Mavsev."

There sit the three little girls, with their long brown hair and large blue eyes. Monthermer (Monty, he is called for short) is a very slender boy. And Bernie, too, sits there. Bernie, who arrived in the world just a quarter of an hour before the day which is sacred to St. Bernard, is a sturdy little chap, with ruddy cheeks, long golden curls, a high broad forehead, a very broad back, and muscular development enough to satisfy Charles Kingsley; a very decided manner, and a precocious love of long words, quaint ideas, and long sentences. Bernie indulges, even, in improvisations of poetry, whenever his spirits burst their bounds and overflow their mental weirs and banks. There is Mamma, too, with her dark hair and large eyes; her finely-chiselled features, indicating judgment and more than ordinary refinement; and a straight line of the knit eyebrows, showing determination and concentration, with a capability for severity.

Now that we have looked at the whole party, let us listen to Mimi's suggestion: "Papa! do tell us a story!" But Papa is coy. Besides, the weather has imparted some of its dulness to him. He has invented so many stories for them of late, that really he feels as if all imagination had been pumped out of him. "My head is as empty," he said, "as that pot of jam which you children finished at breakfast, and which Bernie so completely cleaned out with his little finger. Yet I am open to a bargain; if each of you will tell me a story, then, when you shall have finished, I shall feel

wound up, like an alarm-clock, and will go on inventing stories until I have run myself down again!" The bargain is struck. Then a new difficulty arises: "who shall be the first to tell a story?" Besso is evidently too shy to begin; she is already getting very red, and looks very solemn, at the very thought of being the first. At last May, with an impudent twinkle of the eye, and a slight flush of excitement on her cheeks, boldly volunteers to relate her dream of last night.

MAYSEY'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, began May,—"Why, how can it have been once upon a time, when you know you dreamt it only last night?" asked Besso. But May would have her own way, and proceeded:-I dreamed last night that, once upon a time, we lived in a cottage surrounded by a beautiful forest. The great stems of the trees stood up like soldiers at drill; and their large green boughs spread over me like the hands of tutelary spirits blessing me. I wandered out alone at sunset, and loved the great trees round me: and saw the harebells nodding their blue heads, and reflecting the blueness of the sky; and I smelt the honeysuckles and the hyacinths; and I heard the big bumble bees booming homewards with their daily loads of honey. I wandered on till it grew dark; and I did not know my way. But still I saw the great hands of the trees spread out in benediction; and I looked on the stars that twinkled through their leaves; and the honeysuckles smelt sweeter than before. I grew tired. and crept into the hollow of an oak, and fell asleep. Presently it shook violently. I awoke. quite dark, only a few stars shone through the thick boughs overhead. Again, the floor of my oak-tree shook. I crept out; but was afraid to go far, because it was dark. Then the floor of the oak-tree opened like a trap-door; and a bright light came up from below. I stared in wonder. Presently a little man, no taller than myself, came up and stepped out on the grass. Removing his velvet cap and long waving ostrich feather, he made me a low bow. As he did so I could see the sparkle of a large diamond which held the feather. There were large diamond buttons on his velvet tunic and on his sword hilt. His face had a very merry caste; his eye twinkled with fun; and his brown beard and moustachios shook with laughter, as he stepped about like a dancingmaster, and bowed again and again. I curtseved every time he bowed, until I laughed as heartily as he. Then he whirled me round and round in I heard the music from the oak-tree, a waltz. and I went round and round, but never seemed to touch the ground with my toes, and I could not keep from laughing. At last he stopped; and, bowing low, said: "Now that I have had

my dance, I must introduce myself, I suppose. I am the king of a nation called the Merrylittle-men. We live underground, and spend our time in fun and laughter; but we can dart up at any part of the earth, to enjoy a frolic or to play a trick. Come down; it is supper time." So saying he motioned me to my oak-tree, and my heart beat fast as I began to go down-stairs. I could see a bright light below, and shouts of merry laughter seemed to ring through the subterranean passages. As I was descending, he continued: "We never sleep; there is no fun in sleeping. We eat and drink, not because we want it (we could live as well without eating and drinking); we do it for amusement; and we laugh and sing songs and make jokes, and play tricks all the time. Once I pretended to be asleep in a wood (as you were asleep just now), because I saw a fox prowling about; and I waited till he came near and snuffed at me; then I jumped upon his back, and made him carry me over hill and dale. My long feather streamed in the wind: and the more I laughed, the quicker ran my fox. Such a ride no man had before." We had now arrived at the bottom of the stairs; and I perceived that, as I stepped on the floor below, the stairs vanished altogether. Then we were in a

spacious hall, brilliantly lit by a number of sparkling chandeliers. A table, which stretched to an infinite distance, was covered with a profusion of gold and silver plate; and luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers made it look gay and brilliant. As we advanced, all the little ladies and gentlemen rose up, and, holding golden goblets on high, quaffed champagne to the new-comer. The halls re-echoed again and again with merry laughter. My royal companion led me to a seat; and I ate and drank and laughed, and seemed never to have enough. Presently the king rose and announced that a Grand Seigneur was giving a ball, at his château in France, to all the children of the vicinity. His Majesty offered to take me. A number of the company followed us. Soon we found ourselves in the South of France. We saw the grapes hanging in the vinevards; we looked at the grand old castle and at the vast number of well-dressed children. We danced and laughed, and ate and drank. Every one admired the merry dancers; but no one could tell who they were. As we Merrylittle-men could eat and drink as much as we chose, the Grand Seigneur began soon to ask peevishly who the gay intruders could be; for all his feast was eaten up, and all his wine was drunk, and yet many little children had next to nothing. To

punish him for his peevishness, we started off to collect all the cattle and horses and sheep we could find, and hunted them through his vine-yards, laughing heartily as they broke down the vines and trampled the grapes, and spoiled the milk of all the cows which we hustled along. The villagers turned out now, to catch us mischievous intruders. But they scurried over the country after us to no avail.

We dived underground, and appeared, like good children, at a school in England, which was about to be inspected. The master rubbed his hands, and congratulated himself on having such an unwonted attendance, and the inspector was delighted at the attire of the children. The examination was about to begin. All took their seats; the inspector throwing himself, with much dignity, into an arm-chair. "Ugh! Oh!" screamed he, as he jumped up and turned to look at the chair, while he applied his hands to his wounded parts. "An argument à posteriori," said one of us. The master, in a rage at what he thought a most unseemly trick, tried to rise as suddenly. But the chair and himself would not part company. The cobbler's wax was too much for him. At the same time loud peels of laughter—that laughter which I have so often heard underground—rang through the large school-

"Who has played these tricks?" shouted the schoolmaster. "I will reduce your grants." said the inspector, "unless I discover the culprit." One of the Merry-little-men stepped forward, and meekly expressed his contrition for what he considered a harmless joke. "Lock him up," said the inspector, "until I have finished the examination." The schoolmaster took the culprit to his own house; and (forgetting that the fruits and jams and ginger-wines and good things intended for the school-feast on the morrow, had overnight been put into the spare bedroom) he pushed the Merrylittle-man in, turned the key, and hastened downstairs. In the same room the schoolmistress kept jalap and ipecachuana, and other medicines; for she was fond of doctoring the children. The proximity of edibles and medicals becomes greater, through the mischievous energy of the imprisoned Merrylittle-man. The school-feast, next day, spread consternation through the town and country. The iams had been jalapped, and the wines were doses of emetic. The vicar felt sure that he was in the last stage of cholera; the fat red-haired duchess,-"auburn hair" she called it (and indeed she had dyed it a little),—who graced the feast and tasted the ginger-wine, which the schoolmistress had made and the Merry-little-man had improved, began to

experience the qualms of a landsman when crossing the channel, and groaned in all the throes of the "Balham mystery."

But I must return to the day of examination, and accompany the schoolmaster to the schoolroom. The children were all drawn up according to their various standards. Two or three of the Merry-little-men stood apart. The master did not recognise them; but he wished to make the most of such nice children. He was thinking what he should do, when his Merry Majesty stepped forward and informed the master that they were well up in the higher mathematics, and well practised in writing essays. "Excellent," thought the master; "what credit I shall get!" Then turning to the inspector, he said meekly, "Here, sir, are some of my most promising pupils-well up in the higher mathematics"-("I wonder what that means," said the master to himself; "evidently not vulgar fractions")-" and practised in writing essays, which they can do with a wonderful rapidity, on any subject." "Then let one of them write a short sketch in explanation of the scope of the various branches of high mathematics," the inspector said, pointing to the king of the Merrylittle-men. "And," added the duke, "let another one read a passage from Shakespeare." One of the Merry-little-men advanced and seized the volume which lay upon the table. Pointing to the portly duchess, he began:

"But my true love is grown to such excess."

—Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6.

"Stop!" screamed the duke, in a rage; "that is not in Shakespeare; turn to another passage." The Merry-little-man again opened the volume — this time at "Twelfth Night,"—saying, while he looked hard at the duke:

"I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me."

"I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world;
I delight in masks and revels."

"Turn that impudent rascal down! 'Vent my folly,' indeed! impudence!" and saying this, the duke pounded a full-stop on the floor, with his walking-stick. "Sport Royal, I warrant you!" shouted the prisoner from the spare bedroom window; "I know my physic will work with him." [Twelfth Night.] "I cannot commend your school for discipline," gravely said the inspector. The schoolmaster was in despair. But at this juncture, the king of the Merry-little-men brought up his essay. This was a relief to the master; for

it might, perhaps, retrieve the character of the school. Meanwhile the duchess took the singing class, and, carelessly pointing to another of the Merry-little-men, ordered him to sing. Stepping forward, he sent his beautiful voice ringing and echoing through the schoolroom:

"I was young; I was fair; I had once bright red hair, Like the setting of the sun."

"No! 'I had once, not a care, from the rising of the sun,'" said the duchess, angrily correcting him; and she aimed a box on the ear of the youthful tenor. The Merry-little-man ducked down, and the schoolmaster vicariously received it on his nose, being considerably stunned by her Grace's favour. "Where's the boy's essay?" said the duke; "read it, schoolmaster."

The schoolmaster rubbed his nose, and began:

"There are some heavenly bowers, For studious scholars made, Where grow the sweetest flowers, In wisdom's cooling shade.

"There grassy banks are studded
With plants of Algebra;
And Equation streamlets, flooded,
Rush joyfully away.

- "Calm rivers scientific,
 Sweet sustenance diffuse,
 To many a vale prolific,
 With Fraction's varied hues.
- "There Problematic bushes Grow under Euclid's trees; And parting daylight hushes The Geometric breeze.
- "And there the wild Deductions
 May rest the wearied wing,
 Without a fear of 'Plucktions,'
 And chirp and twitter and sing.
- "And there the whirling Sector May while his time away, And drag a mimic Hector Along a sandy way.
- "The Goniometric series
 Wind through the pleasant vales,
 Where Trigonometric Theories
 Sail with the Southern gales.
- "The Common System dances
 With the Hyperbolic base,
 And the Secant swift advances,
 With the Tangent, in a race.
- "A flock of Sines reposes

 Beneath the Square-root's shade;

 While near Differential roses

 Pi crops the verdant blade.

- "Their gentle shepherd's playing On a softly sounding Arc, And cotangent Φ is straying, Alone and in the dark.
- "Fie! fie! you vile cotangent,
 To prowl all night, about;
 Does your mother, Radius, plangent
 Ignore that you are out?
- "Send Doctor Secant with him, To watch his faulty morals, And Wrangler Logarithm, In Academic laurels.
- "Let Asymptotes still dog him, When he goes out at night; And if he errs, then flog him, With focussed rays of light.
- "For thus the learned 'Rector'
 Has given his stern directions:
 Flog hard, dear Radius Vector,
 On Cotangent's Conic Sections."

While the master, in obedience to the duke's commands, was reading this ridiculous absurdity, the inspector was so assiduous in his attentions to the fat, red-haired duchess, that he did not hear a word of it. The duke listened very attentively; and thinking that it must be a very clever poem, he nodded every now and then, in an approving and patronising manner, to make believe that he

understood it. These laudatory actions reassured the schoolmaster, who continued reading, and felt certain that the character of his school was somehow being retrieved. "And how do you spell 'drunk'?" asks the inspector of a chubby little bov. "Please, sir, drwnkq." "Yes, duchess: I hold that the aristocracy are the natural rulers of the nation, and that the country can be saved only by inspiring in the people a profound respect for the nobility," said the inspector, without heeding the child's answer. "Now tell me what happened to Jezebel," the inspector asked, again turning to the duchess, and addressing soft speeches to her, instead of attending to his irksome duties. The child answered unhesitatingly: "Jehu drove furiously, and said, 'Throw her down;' and they threw her down. And he said, 'Do it a second time;' and they did it a second time. And he said, 'Throw her down a third time;' and they threw her out of window a third time. This they did seven times; yea, seventy times seven. they took up the fragments that remained, seven baskets full. And they asked whose wife she should be of the seven, for they all had her. Last of all the woman died. And she was taken up into Abraham's bosom, and the dog's came and licked her sores." Yes; that will do, my little

bov." said the inspector, who was too much engrossed with the duchess to listen. "Your Grace." he continued. "has the noblest views of the relative positions of the various classes in the nation. I would that our statesmen had the wisdom to profit by your Grace's extended knowledge. And you. my little girl," said the inspector, turning to another child, "What is a duchess?" "Please, sir, the female of a duke," said the child, thinking of its last lesson in Zoology. The duchess bit her lips. and asked very testily, "Who is your spiritual adversary, child?" "Please, ma'rm, the Devil." "And who's the Devil?" "Oh! I know," said the child, "you are; 'cause schoolmaster says when you come here: the Devil! here she is again!" "Ve-cry clever; Ve-ery clever," said the duke. thinking still of the poetical essay; "ought certainly to make up for all the other deficiencies of the school, Mr. Inspector." "Certainly; I quite agree with your Grace," answered the somewhat flustered inspector.

At this awkward juncture, the Merry-little-men joined hands, and laughing loud enough to shake down the dust and cobwebs from the ceiling, danced round and round, singing:

"Thus hand in hand we'll never, Through life our fates dissever, But sing and dance together,
If Fortune frown or smile.
With spirits thus elating,
For ever joy creating,
Each other animating
We'll live in regal style."

While they were rushing madly round the inspector. schoolmaster, schoolmistress, duke, and duchess. and singing at the top of their voices, the little prisoner, having finished medicating the jams and wine, opened the window and slid down the waterpipe, and sung and danced and laughed with the rest. He had managed to bring a bottle of brandy and a tumbler with him, and the king drank to the fat duchess, saying: "May you live long,-and broad." The school-children caught the merry infection, and danced and kicked up a fearful dust, and turned the school into a very Babel and Chaos-come-again. The king of the Merry-littlemen trod on the duke's gouty toes, and tipping up the inspector's chair, sent him sprawling over the duchess' lap. The duchess, in her anxiety to save herself from falling, caught hold of the schoolmaster's wig and pulled it off; and the Merrylittle-men rushed out, laughing heartily. dived below the surface of the ground, and spent the next few days in subterranean revelries.

One day the king said, "There's our old enemy

the Grand Seigneur about to marry his eldest son to a wealthy heiress. He has filled his cellars with the choicest champagnes and best Sauternes; let us go there and drink it for him." No sooner said than done. The whole nation of Merry-little-men filled the spacious cellars of the château, and broaching bottle after bottle and cask after cask and hogshead after hogshead, they drank it off, and, filling the barrels with water, secured them so that no one should guess what had been done. going into the enormous kitchens, where all kinds of pastry were to have been made next day, they emptied the sugar casks into the pond, and filled them up again with the white sand which existed in plenty on the side of the heather hill. "Now let us daub the young man's face with hair-dve. as he sleeps, and cut all the young lady's dresses to ribbons." When this had been done, the loud peals of laughter of the Merry-little-men woke up the whole house, and set the watch-dogs a-baying.

I confess I thought this a very ill-natured joke, and I said so to one of the Merry-little-men who seemed better-hearted than the rest. He told me that he thought so too, and that he was often much chagrined at the malice in their fun and laughter. 'It is now half a century," said he, "since I was stolen away from my mother; but the time makes

no difference, for we never grow older, you know. I could always have returned home, it is true: but my mother, within two days, died of grief at my loss, and as there was no one else for me to return to, I have continued to follow King Frolic." "But let us try to do something to repair the mischief we have done to-day." "With all my heart. There is a poor apothecary in the village; I will give him a magic lotion which will give the youth a most brilliant complexion, and make the apothecary's fortune. There is a poor sempstress in a lonely cottage; I will send her up with a milliner's box in which the most splendid dress shall be found; that will make her fortune, and enable her to marry the lover after which she has been pining these many years. You, in the meanwhile, watch what goes on." I remained and watched. There was a tremendous hullaballoo in the morning. The young man came downstairs with drawn sword, anxious to show his high-metal. But every one burst out laughing at his negro-face. Frantic with despair, he rushed off to the village to seek assistance, loudly promising any sum to the person who could make him blush again. The poor apothecary seized his opportunity, and won for himself gratitude and gold. As the young lady was preparing for the nuptial ceremony, she found the bridal dress in tatters. The mother ordered a carriage to gallop to the nearest town and see if another dress could be got. Just then the poor sempstress appeared, and, without saying a word, laid down the milliner's box. and offered the contents for sale. There was a dress of the most magnificent lace, with rows of diamonds along every seam; there was also a bridal wreath of opal flowers and diamonds. Grand Seigneur was overloved. He promised the sempstress the fee-simple of a splendid farm and ten thousand crowns down. A more splendid wedding was never seen. All the élite of the country arrived to the breakfast. But the cakes and pastry were all sandy, and the wine was but water. What was to be done? The Merry-littleman stepped forward and reminded the company that they had each and all professed to come there merely for the pleasure of seeing the wedding and honouring the bridal couple; and that they had done already, and should be satisfied and happy.

A dive into the earth brought us out into the wood where I first saw the king. I saw a hearse drawn up before our cottage. I heard lamentations and the voice of wail from within, and neighbours telling each other, amid tears and sobs, that my loss had broken my father's heart. I rushed forward to the door; and, breathless, I tripped upon

the threshold. I turned round as I lay upon the floor (as I thought) and saw that I was in my bed in the nursery, and that Besso was shaking me to make me get up. I dressed quickly, and came down, expecting a severe punishment for having been out all night. I was surprised to see Papa at breakfast, and wondered still more to find that I was not to be even scolded.

MONTY'S STORY.

"Well done! Maysey — Crazey Mazey, indeed; as crazey as the Merry-little-men. Now, Besso, it's your turn." "Oh! no, please, Papa, I can't tell a story." "Yes, you can. If you try, you will succeed." "But I cannot think of anything." "Well, Monty, do you take the turn; I see by your fidgetting and wriggling that you are anxious to try your luck." "Well, I thought of this the other day, when it was so calm. I was sitting on the rock, looking into the sea, and could see right down to the bottom," said Monty.

Jack was a pale boy of ten years old. His mother had died, and his father was at sea, so that Jack was left alone in the world. He was a very good boy, and never complained, although he had to live entirely on the kindness of others. He never begged for money; but offered himself for errands; and as every one in the village knew his circumstances, he managed to obtain enough jobs for his support. Still it was a very dull life. He

had a little straw mattress in the hovel of an old woman near the harbour. Whatever he earned he brought home to her, and in return she gave him some hard black bread, and now and then a scrap of meat. He received a box on the ears if he did not bring home enough money. The greater part of Jack's earnings she spent in drink for herself and for some hard-featured sailors who haunted her house at night. Jack believed they were smugglers; or perhaps they lived by robbery. At all events, he felt a great aversion to their appearance. Jack's mother had worked hard in teaching him not only to read and write, but to know also the fundamental truths of Christianity, and to believe in the continual presence of God, who orders all that happens in heaven and earth, and who watches over every hair of our heads. On her deathbed Jack had promised her never to lie down to sleep, and never to rise from his bed, without saying his prayers, however short they might be. It was, therefore, with a jar to his young feelings that he perceived "Granny," as he called her, to be a wicked old woman, and surrounded by a set of daring criminals. It had not occurred to him that granny was robbing even him, day by day, of his hard-earned gains; still less had he thought it possible that he could leave her (although she was

no relation or connection of his) and go to live elsewhere. One night, after much fatigue in running errands all day, he lay sleeping on his little mattress, when he was woke by angry voices. lay quiet, and heard an argument, or rather a wrangling, between four or five men and the old woman. She was complaining that she and her son had not had a fair share of last night's plunder. Her son was a black-haired swarthy man, with very repulsive features. He was strongly built and had a ferocious aspect. His name was Tom. Words now ran very high. Tom rose and lifted his three-legged stool to strike one of the other men, when granny stopped him; at the same time warning the men that if they did not take care, they would wake Jack, and he might "peach." "Ay, the young vermin," said Tom; "I had forgotten him; if he is awake I will put it out of his power to speak again." So saying he walked towards the mattress. Jack had the presence of mind and the courage to close his eves and lie quiet. "Fast asleep, by Jove, through all your cursed row," said Tom; "nevertheless, we had better go to the 'Jolly Smugglers,' and settle our differences there over a glass of grog; we may also arrange our plans for to-night. But as for that young vermin, we must make him one of ourselves,

or else we must put him out of the way. He is getting too old to be treated as a baby." So saying they lurched out of the room, hitching up their trousers as they went, and growling to themselves, or singing snatches of sea-songs. Tack ventured now to open a corner of his eye; and he saw granny take up a bag,—a bag probably of gold coin, for she had evident difficulty in lifting it. She stood on one of the three-legged stools, and raising the bag on to her shoulder, she removed a loose brick or two from a crack in the corner of the wall. She pushed the bag in, and it fell with a jingle. She then replaced the bricks, and hobbled out after the men. Jack's first impulse was to get up and run away. But whither should he run to? It was blowing and raining, and he could not stay out all night. Besides he was very tired. So he turned on his straw mattress, and thought of his mother, and prayed for help and guidance. Then he thought of an old priest in that part of the town, who had often been kind to him. For granny was an old Irish woman, and the priest used to come sometimes to expostulate with her, and try to persuade her to go to church. This priest was too poor to do much for Jack; but he lent him books, and would now and then give valuable information about other countries, and the different modes in

which the various trades and arts were carried on by foreigners. Jack thought of this priest, and determined he would go and tell him all, and ask for his advice. Soon the fatigue, resulting from his day's work, prevailed, and sleep completely overpowered him. It was fortunate; for Tom soon returned and went to the mattress to see whether Jack was asleep, and found him snoring soundly. Tom, half tipsy, was soon snoring also.

That which happened next must be given in Jack's own words; for, although it appears very like a dream, yet Jack averred most strongly that it was all real. The following, then, was Jack's narrative: - The moon shone brightly through the little dirty window of the hovel, and seemed to invite me to go out. I rose from my mattress. groped for my cap, opened the latch-door very quietly, and slipped out. I passed down the narrow lane, between the two blank walls, and gained the harbour. I walked on to the very end of the pier, and looked at the long silver path to the moon. I saw a figure like a woman, swimming breast high, not far from me. She had long golden tresses which hung down and trailed in the water. Her skin was white and glistening, like mother-ofpearl. She looked at me and sung:

- "Will you come and live by the sounding sea,
 And hear the great waves roar?
 Yes, come; cast in your lot with me,
 On this black basaltic shore!
- "The crested waves are rolling past,
 While the steadfast rocks remain;
 The Atlantic tide is swelling fast;
 But the tide will sink again.
- "Will you come and live by the silent sea, And watch the dazzling sheen,— See the ripples clap their hands for glee, Where the raging waves have been?
- "Yes; come and see,—while others sleep,
 When the sea-fowl erst are soaring,—
 The thousand, thousand flocks of sheep,
 Which Boreas drives before him.
- "Come; sail on the peaceful shining sea And sink with me to sleep; The summer breeze shall blow for thee, While calm pervades the deep.
- "Come; gaze on the calm bright sea and sky, Which like one mirror seem; In silver mist the mountains lie, Like headlands in a dream.
- "Or, when the sun drops down to rest,
 Come see, ere daylight die,
 The zephyrs herd small clouds to the west,
 Across the golden sky.

- "Come; stray where the waves have sunk to rest;
 While night invests the sky;
 And watch yon star on the great Sea's breast,
 While its mate shines up on high.
- "Come; hear what the surges say to thee, And the loud Atlantic roar; Hear whispers from the gentle sea, As it tumbles to the shore.
- "What does the zephyr sing to thee,
 And the ripples on the tide,
 That clap their tiny hands for glee?—
 'That thou must keep my side!'
- "Yes; come, I'll be a friend to thee,
 I'll still the stormy main;
 For woe has been thy tidal sea;
 But the tide shall ebb again.
- "Calm shall pervade both sea and sky, And calm our life shall seem; In golden niist our goal shall lie, Like Beulah in the dream."
- "Or if our Father should deem best
 This prayer to deny,
 The one shall rest on the great Sea's breast,
 While the other shines on high."

As she sang in plaintive tones, and with a most silvery voice, she drew nearer and nearer, and held out her arms to me. I thought of my wretched

^{*} Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

There seemed no hope for me on earth. The sea I had always looked upon as my mother. I knew no other. When the mermaid said to me in the softest and most thrilling voice: "Fear not. jump boldly in," I, who never new fear, rose up, and casting off my cap and pea-jacket (shoes and stockings I had none to put off), I plunged in head foremost from the pier-end. The sea gurgled for a moment in my ears; I felt it round my face and limbs; and then,—soft breezes fanned me, breezes laden with the perfumes of flowers. beautiful being was by my side; her golden tresses reached to her feet. Her dress was a shining white, like snow. We walked on a fine gravel of diamonds and pearls and emeralds and rubies. was the old sea-floor that we were treading! looked above. We were wending our way through ample caves of emerald and crysolite, which shed a pale green light over all the caves. Large crystals of amethyst and topaz shone like cathedral windows to our palace. I heard chords of music. Was it the distant peals of some world's organ that fell on my ear? or was it the roaring of. the billows above? I thought I could catch the sounds of cataracts and of rushing waters; and yet, no! it is the chanting of a thousand voices, which echoes along the many aisles of the

caverns, and reverberates from the fretted roofs. Onward we pass. It is a garden we are in! The garden plants are waving sea-weeds of many colours; the stems are all of coral. Fish stare at us with their large eves, and bob their blunt noses against the glass walls which keep out the sea. We pass on. The music grows louder and louder; it is the national anthem of a universe. races and kingdoms seem to be martialing for some great exploit. Before me, high on a throne of crystal with frieze of ruby and pillars of sapphire, I see the Queen of Oceans. She is too bright to look at, and yet too beautiful for me to look away. The sight of her is the pain of a too exquisite pleasure. I gaze; I listen; I feel the sweet torpor of impending slumber creeping over The Queen points to her right. I look. is a coffin; and many veiled figures stand by it in silence, with their heads bent low, and lit candles in their hands, as if waiting for the Office for the Dead. My companion presses my arm and tells me it is my father. His ship has just been wrecked; and he has gone to the bottom, without a mermaid to herald him down. I hear the solemn dirges; the requiem rolls along the roof. With sobs I join in the Miserere, and the De profundis. I fall on my knees and weep. My companion touches me in the fulness of her sympathy, and tells me to ask a boon of the great Queen. "The life of my father," I sobbed out. "Be it done; but on this condition: Thy father shall serve me here until you have returned to earth and performed a good and heroic deed. Now return to earth." I looked; the grey garments fell off the veiled spirits. They threw down their candles. The coffin opened; my father stepped out. In gratitude I turned towards the Queen. She was gone. Only my fair companion was there; and she was in tears. Oh! what a plaintive wail! As we were rising to the surface, I heard her silver voice:

"But now like the morning star,
In Aurora's sunlit car,
Upon the living I have shined.
Henceforth in evening's gloom
I shall surround the tomb
Of the memory thou hast left behind."

I was already on the pier-head. I looked around. She was not there. A pang shot through my heart. An aching void was in my soul. The night wind was blowing keenly. The moon was hid by heavy clouds. The first dull grey of morning began to dawn. What should I do?

As I turned up from the harbour (little listed I

whither), I met four men-of-war's men. Their boat was waiting at the quay; and the manof-war brig was lying off outside. " Hulloa. vounker: why are you up so early? just the lad we want for 'powder-monkey;' come along with us." I looked at the speaker undecided. "Where is your mother?" asked another. "I have not got one, "said I. "Where is your father?" "At sea: at least,—if he is alive, I mean." "Ho, ho! alone in the world; here, bear a hand with some of these small parcels. Now, step into the boat." I did so, little heeding. The next few years we spent on the coast of Africa seeking for slavers. I was always on the look-out for something heroic to do, but there was nothing but hum-drum duty, which I did assiduously all day. At night my thoughts ever rested on the sylph-like form who had entwined my heart. How often have I been laughed at by my mates for scanning so earnestly, night after night, the silver path on the sea which leads to the moon. "It is a superstition," said thev.

I was now a tall, strongly-built, healthy lad; and bore an excellent character in the ship. One day we ran into Bahia. We had rowed the commander ashore at some distance from the town. The boat was waiting for him. I strolled along the banks of

a narrow but deep river embosomed in thick trees. I was surprised to perceive a very rakish-looking schooner at anchor in a thickly-wooded bay. "There is mischief here," thought I. I crept higher up, till I came to a small gravelly cove, where a boat was lying with her painter made fast to a Presently I heard a scream; then a piteous moaning; and then a passionate voice of entreaty I made my way through the thicket in the direction of the sounds. I could distinguish a woman's cry. and the voice of men who swore fearful oaths in English. I hurried on, and came suddenly in the presence of two sailors, who were dragging a most beautiful Portuguese girl along with them; while another, who seemed to be in command, followed with a sabre in his hand, and a revolver in his I knew that a moment's delay was certain belt. destruction. The captain was a dark, swarthy man, and the strongest of the three. I sprang at him. planting my fist with all my might in his face. He fell; I snatched the sabre from his grasp. One of the other men drew his revolver and fired: but the girl, seeing that I was a deliverer, had caught hold of his arm, and diverted his aim. The ball, however, passed close to my head. I sprang at him and cut him down. The other man had his revolver levelled at me; but I struck his hand

up with the edge of my sabre, and the revolver fell to the ground. I had wounded his wrist. captain was now rising. I said to him in a voice of thunder, Lie flat down, or you are a dead man. "I never feared any man; least of all a man-ofwar's slave;" so saying he drew his revolver. lunged at him with my sabre, and wounded him deeply in the breast. He staggered a moment and fell. The man who was wounded in the wrist was evidently cowed. I walked up to him and disarmed him; and taking a rope which they had made fast round the girl's waist. I bound his arms behind his back, and retained the rope's end in my hands. I then spoke to the Portuguese girl. She said she was the daughter Her family had received warning of a nobleman. that a noted pirate captain had seen her and fallen in love with her, and would probably try to carry her off; but they were not prepared for the daring and audacity with which that plan had been attempted. At an early hour in the morning, on her way from church (which was but a few hundred vards from their own house), the pirates sprang upon her. and bound her in a moment; and had attempted to gag her also; but not before she had uttered cries enough to bring out some of her relations. Most of these were wounded or killed. I told her

that the pirate's crew would most likely be aroused by this time, and advised that she should hasten to the man-of-war's boat. She agreed to do anything her deliverer should suggest. Before leaving I took a last look at the pirate commander. I surely had seen that ferocious face before! The unhappy man was now at his last gasp, and without a word we hurried on. We saw a boat pushing off from the schooner. It contained fully twenty men. determined to keep more in the bush. At last we reached the man-of-war's boat unobserved. Almost at the same moment the captain came up hurriedly. and said, "Shove off, men; that brig now entering the bay under English colours is the famous pirate I have long been in search of." The boat was shoved off before the captain perceived the rescued Contessa d'Agulha in the boat; he made a hasty inquiry, and I said I had killed two pirates, and taken the third, who was lying on the bottom of the boat. ay, a boat sent to reconnoitre before the brig's arrival." I could not argue with my captain. We arrived at the man-of-war. The lady was helped up, and the captain was struck with her extraordinary beauty. The prisoner was put in irons. Two boat's crews were then sent to board the English merchant brig. She was no pirate. Her captain had died at sea, and her mate was in command.

This mate I recognised as my father. After mutual recognitions and many questions, I again took my place in the man-of-war's boat; and, in doing so, I said, with a sigh, "Then I have done the heroic deed." The sigh was caused by the thought that my lovely mermaid was gone for ever. When we gained the deck of the man-of-war, I went aft, and, touching my hat. I asked leave to relate the incidents of the morning. The narrative of the young lady had, indeed, already roused the captain's curiosity. When my narrative was finished the captain at once ordered the man-of-war to be got under weigh and prepared for action. The pirate schooner was caught before she could emerge from the river's mouth. She would otherwise have escaped, as she was the fastest craft that had ever been built. The pirates at once took to their boats, and made for the thickest point of the jungle on the river's bank, and escaped. The schooner was taken. I now questioned the prisoner, and learned from him that the commander I had killed was Tom. The prisoner himself was one of Tom's companions on my last night in the hovel. night of my escape, the plan had been concocted, in consequence of a great booty obtained by a burglary, to seize a cutter in the offing and make off to the Spanish main. Old granny accompanied

the pirates, but fell overboard in the confusion of clambering up the side and seizing the cutter. Sail was immediately made on the cutter, and pursuit was successfully eluded. After a time a noted slave-schooner was captured, and the crew murdered. That schooner was the one now taken by the English man-of-war.

So far has been given in Jack's own words. supplement his narrative. A prize crew was put on board the schooner. Jack was of the number. They at once made sail for Jamaica. After midnight a fire broke out in the hold. It was then blowing fresh. After ineffectual attempts to subdue the fire the crew took to the boats. The breeze freshened into a gale. It was soon blowing a hurricane. A huge wave came towering on. white foam was pouring over its shoulders and hanging down its back like the white curls of a chancellor's wig. Jack fancied he saw a sylph-like form breast-high on the wave, with golden tresses trailing behind. In a moment the wave washed over boat and boat's crew. Only one man succeeded in clinging to some spars, and was picked up by a passing vessel next morning.

The captain, it is needless to add, proposed for the hand of the Contessa d'Agulha and was accepted, and took his bride to England. Jack, with a presentiment that his heroic action would suffice to release him from this world, had given the captain an account of granny and her hovel, and the Incidents which we already know. He had, during his cruises off the African coast, sent his pay and all his prize-money to the good priest for investment in the savings' bank. He now handed to the captain his will; in which he bequeathed all he possessed to the priest. The captain returned to England with his bride, and landed at the very town which Jack had left. He saw the priest, related the whole occurrence, and handed him Jack's will. saying that the pirate schooner and all the crew except one man had been lost. The priest in return showed the captain old granny's will, which she had made just before leaving for the cutter. She had left all to Jack. The priest, therefore, claimed under both wills. The townsmen soon began to laugh at his taking so much trouble about an old hovel, although indeed it was a freehold. The house was carefully pulled down; and nearly £ 30,000 in guineas and notes lay in the chink. handsome church and large school-houses now cover the freehold ground where stood old granny's hovel and garden.

MIMI'S STORY.

MIMI was now anxious to emulate the praise which her sister and brother had acquired, and

began:—

I will tell you the history of Mary M'Kenzie. Donald M'Kenzie was a shepherd in Brae-Roy, Inverness-shire. At the Spean Bridge the river Roy flows into the Spean. If you follow the Roy river up its course, you pass, for twelve miles or more, along a very narrow valley between high mountains covered with heather. Then the valley gets broader, for seven or eight miles, and you find yourself in the basin of a former highland lake. The floor of this basin is a beautiful greensward. The sides are very high heather hills, with bald and bleak granite tops, where only the ptarmigan can live, and flocks of golden plover whistle their plaintive notes. At three heights on the mountain sides all round, the ancient shores are still visible. These shores are like enormous sheep-walks, or roads which run, on an exact level, right round the basin, at three different heights. It is as if

one was made when the lake was quite full. Then the river, at its exit, may have broken away some obstruction, and the level of the lake fell some forty feet lower, and a new shore was made. Then again an obstruction was washed away, and the level fell about 100 feet, and another shore These three levels are called the was made. l'arallel Roads. At last all the obstruction gave way, and nothing but a rushing river remained, instead of the lake. In the middle of the greensward there is a shepherd's hut or bothy. It is more than twelve miles from any other habitation. The mountains are purple on every side; the brown river rushes foaming along, like bottled stout; and the flat grass lawn is emerald green. Beautiful wild rocky valleys run down into this ancient lake-basin. One of these is a fearfully lonely and wild-looking place. It is called the Wonder of Carardah. The upper end of this valley is a great precipice of rock; and very high rocky mountains are its sides. This valley, too, has its small stream of bottled stout, which swells the Roy. There is no road through the valley of the Roy, except a bridle-way, which leads over a high grassy saddle at the upper end, and then dips down into a broad richly-wooded vale, without any of the wildness of Brae-Roy.

Donald M'Kenzie is away on the hills all day. A surly old woman remains in the bothy, to mend his clothes, and wash, and make the fadge cake, and dig in the little potato and kale garden. Mary is a beautiful girl of sixteen. Her face is brown but rosy. Her eyes are large, and dark blue, with long eyelashes, and eyebrows nearly black. Her hair is a brownish copper-colour, and very ample. She lets it hang wildly down her back. She wears a short royal tartan dress; but her neck, arms, and lower limbs are bare. She had never put on shoes or stockings.

It is early in July. The heather is at its brightest purple bloom; the grass is at its greenest; and the sky is a deep sapphire blue, with a few feathers of cloud, tenderly and delicately pencilled upon it. Long cobwebs float through the air, each carrying its aëronaut spider at its lower end. The spider balloons, or spider chariots, are a sure sign of long continued fine weather. Mary is wandering slowly along the grass by the rapid river's side, when she hears voices behind her. There is a gay party on ponies, with a few highland gillies on foot. Mary stands still and looks in wonder-Two very brilliantly-dressed ladies lead ment. the van; one of them is addressed as "Duchess." A handsome lad of seventeen years, with a beautiful intellectual face, and large dark eyes, and waving hair of raven black, rides next. This lad is an Italian,—The Duca di Panormo. The lady who rides in front, with the Duchess, is his aunt by marriage; her maiden name was Contarini; she is now called Countess Lightfield. A number more of these butterflies of society follow in the distance.

The Duca di Panormo reins up his pony and speaks kindly to Mary. As he speaks English very imperfectly, she remains in doubt and silence. He gazes for a few moments on her great beauty, and then tries his fortune another time: but his Aunt and the Duchess call to him to come on at once, and tell him, in Mary's hearing, that he ought to be ashamed of speaking (except when absolutely necessary) to any poor person; "because poor people are beings of an inferior order." "Of a very beautiful order," said he to himself; "and if I mistake not, of a much more genuine and less affected order than that of duchesses and countesses." So the party pass on, over the saddle, and down into the rich valley beyond.

Mary is left alone. The blue sky is above her; and the river rushes beside her. The flowers look silently at her through their bright little eyes.

Not a noise except, occasionally, the self-laudatory cackle, in the distance up the hill-side, of a triumphant and self-conceited cock-grouse. wandered on, thinking of the gay party and of the pair of dark eyes, and of the clusters of wavy black hair. She comes to a rocky knoll which stretches right across the valley. Deep down. through a cleft in it, the river runs tumultuously. Mary is compelled to climb the hill-side. Deep in thought she continues the direction which a trivial circumstance had forced her to take. Far up one of the hills she climbs before she becomes aware of her position. It is hot, and she is tired; so she lies down on the heather, just where a little crystal streamlet shoots over a ledge of rock, and splashes the grass below. Mary reclines at full length on the heather, fatigued in body and mind. In lassitude and depression, any insignificant detail is apt to arrest our attention; so Mary ponders over a spear of grass which is bent down by the weight of a drop of water which clings to its end. globe reflects the sunlight, like one of the diamonds which the Duchess wore; and all the prismatic colours gleam from within the drop. As she gazes at it, she falls into a mesmeric sleep. The drop seems to grow larger and larger, and brighter and brighter, until a beautiful lady, tall and transparent,

and bright as an evening cloudlet in the setting sun, seems to be standing in the midst. She addresses Mary, and says, "Look at me! I was once a good little girl like you, Mary! I obeyed my parents joyfully; I was not selfish, nor ill-tempered; and I was always assiduous in fulfilling my duty, and accomplishing everything I had to do. Remember this maxim: As you live, so will you die; for death does not change you. I have seen mischievous boys become spiders, or gnats, or some other noxious insects: dishonest children are turned into rats or foxes, and are hunted down for ever. Frivolous little girls, if not otherwise bad, become butterflies, and spend their time in hovering from flower to flower, and accomplishing nothing; while some turn into the flies which flutter over a river, and dip into its stream, until a trout swallows them. Some little girls and boys who study books or the face of nature, or who try in any way to improve their natural powers, become birds of various kinds and colours.—from wrens and tomtits and singing bullfinches, up to the eagles which soar over mountain tops, without needing to move their wings. those whose only thought in life has been to do their duty and accomplish well whatever it is their business to do, become doves, whose gentle coo is heard through summer's evenings in the woods;

and they can change at will into any shape. So I have changed into a dew-drop, that I might speak to you and warn you. Now, I shall give my warning and become a ray of light and dart back to the Sun: Never allow dark thoughts to rest in your heart, nor even to scour over your heart, as the shadows of the clouds race over the mountains under a mid-day sun."

Mary was refreshed by her sleep. The sun was falling low. She turned her steps homewards. wondering what was her duty, and how she should improve herself. A few days afterwards, a lady and gentleman, with their little girl, were riding from the saddle at the north of Brae Roy, towards the Spean Bridge. They stopped at the bothy and asked for some milk and oat-cake. Mary gave them some cake, and ran to milk the cow. saw what an intelligent girl' she was, and asked a number of questions about her. The lady then said they were about to travel abroad for their child's health, and would take Mary with them. to take care of the child. Mary pointed to her father tending the sheep on the hill, and said she would call him down. Before long the matter was arranged, and Mary bade adieu to her father and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy. They remained some days in Edinburgh, and Mary was

diligent in learning the lessons in hairdressing and millinery which they gave her. Wherever she travelled she was assiduous in profiting by all she could see. In five years she had not only improved in good looks, but also in accomplishments; for she was a very clever girl.

They were at Rome, living in one of the gorgeous old l'alazzi which belonged to those great nobles, whose internecine feuds, at one period, used to drench the Italian fields with blood and fill her towns with widows and with wail: and whose splendour, at another period, made Italy the cynosure of neighbouring nations. A party was assembled in the drawing-room. The Duca di Panormo was conversing with Edith Pomerov. While doing so, he carclessly turned over the leaves of an album. A pretty watercolour sketch arrested his attention for a moment:—a shepherd's bothy, a boisterous river. some heather hills. "The highlands of Scotland! I was there five years ago, and should much like to return. Mademoiselle is a painter, I perceive." Edith said nothing. "And a poet too," he added, and then read half-aloud these lines:

"Too good thou art for such as me;
The proudest name the realm contains,
The broadest lands on Scotland's plains,
Were trifling guerdon, Love, for thee,

"This canker kills my happiness;—
Ah me! thou never canst be mine!
Too rich thy gifts, and too divine!—
And yet I cannot wish them less.

In Memory of Carardah."

"Oui est donc ce Monsieur Carardah?" the Duke asked, partly in an inquisitive, and partly in a pettish manner. "It is not a gentleman; it is a glen in the Highlands, near to Brae-Roy. That is not my album, it is my maid's; she came from Brae-Rov." A sudden memory made the Duke silent, he laid the album down and tried to resume his sprightliness of conversation. "Come, Edith," said Mr. Pomeroy, "Lady Lightfield is so anxious to hear that new song." Edith went to the piano. The Duke took up the album again, and looked through it with increased interest. Again and again he read those lines. whom could they be meant? I wonder whether she is still that superlatively beautiful angel." Edith had finished her song, and returned, with Mr. Pomerov by her side, to the Duke. "Well. what did you think of that song, Duke?" "Mademoiselle has from me the highest homage which can be paid to art, - Silence," said the Duke. who had not listened to a note. Countess Lightfield next volunteered to sing, and called to the

Duke to turn the pages for her. A long piece, sung without taste, and in a harsh voice, was endured by the audience. The Duke said verv loudly, at the close, "I heartily thank you." "I was not singing for you, Duke; but I am glad you liked it." "No; I thanked you for finishing it!" said he, as he turned away and went near "Miss Pomeroy! I think that music, in order to be appreciated, should always be adapted to the humour we happen to be in; for music is an outward expression of an order in the feelings." "Music, if it is an art," said Edith, "should effect that order." "Let me entreat you, Duke, to sing us one of your beautiful improvisations;" said the Principessa di Torlonia. "He has the most wonderful talent, Mrs Pomeroy; he can improvise a piece of poetry, while he sings it to the most exquisite of improvised melodies. Do entreat him to give you an example." The Duke bowed, saying: "Where beauty commands, I must obey," and moved slowly towards the piano as if in thought. Edith rose to get nearer to the music. As she passed the door, a servant happened to enter, and she said: "Tell Mary to bring my white shawl; I am cold." The Duke sat at the piano, and his fingers wandered lightly over the keys. He seemed to be lost in doubt. Mary entered the

room with the shawl. He started. Her face had been impressed on his mind; but she was now tall and graceful, and far more beautiful than of yore. He watched her as she put on her mistress's shawl, and as soon as Edith had sat down, the Duke sang to a simple and touching melody, the following impromptu:—

"Am I too good for such as you?

'Tis not in wealth that goodness lies;

Nor rank, nor fame, nor dignities,

Can increase the worth of a heart that's true.

"Not noble birth can claim my heart;
Nor wealth shall gain me for her own;
But humble virtue and name unknown,—
Yes, these alone barb Cupid's dart."

Mary was passionately fond of music. She had lingered on the stairs. Hers was the only ear that had heeded the words; hers the only heart that had guessed their meaning. But who could the singer be? She could divine no clue.

Edith was a clever girl; but she was by no means beautiful. She was short and thick in stature. Her hair was light, and her eyelashes were white. Of eyebrows she had scarcely any. Her complexion was bright; her nose was short and broad, and her eyes were small and grey.

Yet she was a clever girl, and naturally of a very good disposition. The Duke appreciated her talents, but was not in love with her. She, on the other hand, admired the Duke, as she would a picture: but she did not really care for him. There was an older man in the room, tall, severe in expression; with a thin face that showed a long course of self-repression, a high forehead and a bright eve. The Marchese di Pombal had never been married. He was a diplomat. "That is a very remarkable talent which the Duke possesses." said the Marchese approaching Edith: "A most wonderful readiness or facility," said Edith. observe your distinction. Facility of execution is acquired by practice; but some are more prone to acquire it than others." "By attention and assiduity," said Edith, "I suppose that man may acquire a facility in anything, even the most apparently magical." "Yes," said the Marchese; "as an example I may mention the conjurer, Houdin, and his sons." "The very example which was in my mind when I used the word 'magical.' Yet every one may do the same; I practised my eye, in a similar manner, in order to see whether that wonderful facility could really be acquired." "That being so, how careful should we be as to what habits we allow our children, or even ourselves, to acquire; in other words, how anxiously should we scan the characters and motives of our acts; for habits are but repeated acts; and an act becomes easier by every repetition." "That is education," said Edith as she rose to go; "the future of a nation depends on its education; its future is in its own hands, for its future depends upon the habits which it now chooses to acquire." "A very remarkable woman," thought the Marchese di Pombal, as he sat by the table and rested his forehead on his hand.

The next morning, as was her wont, Edith went early to church, accompanied by Mary. When they were leaving the sacred edifice, the Duke joined them. As he took off his hat and bowed to Edith, his eye met the glance of Mary. She gave a sudden start. The face which she had treasured up during her lonely wanderings on the Scottish hill-sides, was now before her. As the Duke had joined Edith, Mary walked slightly behind her "You must write out for me the words and the music which you sang so successfully yesterday," said Edith. "I will obey; but in return, I must ask you to give me a copy of the verses which I read in your album, Miss Pomeroy." "I told you that it is not my album, and that I neither wrote the verses, nor executed the watercolour drawings. But you shall receive a copy." Edith was very good-hearted, and enjoyed nothing so much as smoothing the way for others; and yet she had not a suspicion of the thoughts in the Duke's mind, nor of the conflict of doubt, foolish hopes, and reasonable fears which were arising in the heart of the humble girl beside her. As Edith was uttering the last sentence, the Duke turned his head, and took another glance at the extreme beauty which had already entranced him. A sudden blush added to her charms.

Months have passed away. Lady Lightfield is opening her letters, in the Duchess's drawing-room in England, and imparting to her Grace with much relish, all the scandal which they contained. "Here is a letter from the Pomeroys. Still at Rome, I perceive. I wonder whether they have succeeded in marrying their ugly girl? She certainly had nothing to recommend her; not pretty, not amusing; nor talkative; and with no appreciation of the spice of scandal." "A mere negative; a Zero, in fact," said the Duchess. "As round as a Zero." "She might make a good wife to an old man; one and one make two; but one and Zero make ten." "Ha! ha! your Grace is very witty this morning. Why? what?" And

Lady Lightfield crushed the letter in her hands. and gnashed her teeth with rage. "What is the matter?" asked the Duchess; "is the Zero going to make ten?" "Yes; Edith is to marry the old ambassador the Marchese di Pombal; but that is not the matter." "What is, then, the matter?" "That horrid little common minx.—the Shepherd's daughter of Brae-Roy, is going to be duchess, and will take precedence of me." "A duchess? what do vou mean? I always thought her very beautiful; but I never imagined she could so forget the duties of her station as to marry above her." "I will at once send to her father," said Lady Lightfield: "and I will write to Mr. Baillie, the owner of Brae-Roy, and get the Shepherd turned off." "You have not yet told me how she is to become a duchess." "Why, that stupid nephew of mine is fool enough to fall in love with her." said Lady Lightfield, handing the letter to the Duchess. "Mrs. Pomeroy, at all events, does not seem to object," said the Duchess, "for she says that 'Mary's least virtue is her beauty;' she says, 'she has great judgment and quickness of perception and taste, and has taken great pains to educate herself.' 'Edith and she are to be married on the same day: and Cardinal Howard is to officiate." " It is too provoking," said Lady Lightfield stamping: "I hope the marriage will be a miserable one, and end speedily in a divorce; the Duke is certain to get ashamed of her soon; and to ensure this I will get all my friends to spread, throughout society, every imaginable innuendo against the girl; and the 'happy couple' shall receive a cold shoulder everywhere." "I know that there will be plenty of persons ready enough to invent false stories against any one who is to be run down; just as there are also plenty of fools in society to believe and to repeat the stories. But you do not see, my dear, that in cutting the young Duke and Duchess off from all their friends and acquaintances, you will only be binding them more closely together, until at last they will care for nobody except themselves," said the Duchess. Lady Lightfield persisted in her intention, remarking that there were plenty of persons who would be prompted by jealousy to take part in a work which, in this so-called Christian country, is continually carried on to gratify private pique, and to ruin the reputations of the virtuous.

A small cavalcade of riders wind up Glen Roy, and take up their quarters at the new shooting lodge near the bothy. A happy couple wander over heather hills, and sit beside the little streamlet; and the old Shepherd shares their joy for a time,

although he sternly refuses to leave his bothy, or give up his shepherd's life. The Marquis and Marchioness di Pombal also visit the Glen and stay with their friends, in order to be initiated into highland life. The Countess of Lightfield has the satisfaction of doing much injury by her malice, and causing much annoyance by her tongue; but the Duchess's prediction proved true: the happy couple were drawn closer together.

BERNIE'S STORY.

HERE Bernie, who had been sitting for a long time silent and absorbed, sprang from his chair, saying that he would have the next turn. He at once, and in a decided manner, took up his position on the hearth-rug, with his back turned to his audience. He gazed intently at the fire for a few minutes, during which the other children could hardly repress a boisterous laughter. At last he raised his little arms, and with the calm and expressive gestures of an accomplished orator, he poured out the following lines:—

I was sitting by the summer sea; The summer sea, the summer sea; As I gazed I thought of Eternity.

Here he spread out his arms with a slow motion, like a swimmer; and as slowly, folded them over his breast again.

An opal maze was on the sky,
Upon the deep blue, shining sky;
And I gazed and gazed, with dazzled eye.

Then, pointing eagerly with his outstretched arm and little fat finger, he continued—

Ten thousand spangles brightly gleamed, Upon the sea, upon the sea; Like horsemen's polished spears they seemed, Quick marching on to victory.

Here he looked up to heaven, stretching both his arms upwards towards the ceiling.

Ten thousand, thousand flocks of sheep, Upon the sky they sleep, they sleep; Round fleecy sheep graze on the sky, Which shepherd winds herd homewardly.

He let his two arms fall listlessly, and with his head slightly inclined forward, as if listening, he said after a while—

The large bright sun he said to me:

"You see those souls up in the sky?
My will they do still happily,
They live, they rest so happily.
You see the sheen upon the sea,
Those million glints upon the sea?
I shine on them, for they love me;
For I love them and they love me."

Here he folded his arms, and remained mute for some seconds; then clenching one of his fistsI stood beside the wintry sea,
The raging sea, the angry sea;
And howling winds they blew, they blew,
And screamed and moaned so drearily,
While past me foam flakes wildly flew.

He turned his head towards the window, and, looking ruefully on the storm without, he said—

I looked upon the leaden sky,
Of dull and sombre hue;
The darkened waves rolled angrily,
The lowering tempest grew.

Again he paused, and seemed to listen, as the gusts of wind and splashes of rain smote the window-panes.

The wailing blast then said to me:

"We wilful winds these tumults make."

The surges dash against the shore;—

The wilful waves, the wilful waves.

The shore stands fast; God's limits last;

But the waves must break, the wilful surges break.

Each rumbling, grumbling, tumbling wave must break;

Each noisy roller is no more;

In wrath the surges find their graves.

Again his arms fell by his side; his head was bent forward, "with leaden eye, that wooed the ground;" and he remained silent. For some seconds the other children waited for more of his childish effusions; but seeing his song was ended, they all sprang up at once and nearly pulled him in pieces with the violence of their congratulatory caresses.

BESSO'S STORY.

IT was in the year 1848. A revolution had lately broken out in Vienna, as it had also, in every other part of Europe, except England. The Empress had left Vienna for Ischl,—the most beautiful place in Europe, and containing the truest and most Christian mountaineers. They were "three hundred years behind the age;" they had not "tasted the blessings of modern civilisation." The Austrian statesmen, therefore, regarded it as a safe place for the Empress in these troubled times. The Archduke Ludwig and his wife (a Princess of Parma), accompanied the Empress. They arrived at Gemunden, without their flight having become known. Gemunden is like an Italian town, which basks in the sun at the head of the lake. There, a steamer is waiting to take the party to the village of Eben-See, at the other end of the lake. While they are embarking let us look around. The deep blue lake, with its huge precipitous mountains on each side, lies before us. Behind us lies the town

on a steep hill. At our left there rises, sheer out of the lake, the Traunstein,—a precipice nearly six thousand feet high; and although we are basking in the heat of a summer sun, the top of the precipice is crowned with snow, which glistens white against the sapphire sky beyond. To our right there is a steep grassy mountain, covered with wood, and with its top entirely hidden by fir-trees. The Kaplan (or assistant priest of Ischl) happens to be in Gemunden, and is at once invited by the Empress to accompany her home. It takes an hour for the steamer to reach Eben-See. After passing the precipice to our left (which looks as if half the mountain had been sheered down when the lake was first formed), we come to other mountains not quite so precipitous. There are steep valleys between them which are covered by pine-trees, under which blooms the purple heather, so thick and high that a man would have had much difficulty in making his way through it. All the mountaintops are covered with snow. They look like white Dresden china shining against the sky. here and there a thin stream, from the snow on the hill-top, dashes from rock to rock, and, finding its way to the edge of the precipice, unhesitatingly leaps down, in its anxiety to reach the lake; but long before it has reached the bottom, it has broken

itself into fine spray, and seems to have altogether terminated its existence. On the other side of the lake, the mountains are in shade. The contrast is great between the dark green of the trees, with the indigo shadows on the one side, and the bright green of the trees, and the violet of the heather sleeping in the sun, and the blinding glare of the rocks, on the other. The lake itself is a reduplication of its framework.

For some minutes the party on the deck of the steamer were silent. At last the Empress said, "Herr Kaplan, you must be surprised at seeing us here so suddenly? you have, doubtless, not heard of the outbreak in Vienna? I have come here for safety, as the Government discovered a conspiracy of the revolutionary party, to seize the members of the royal family for hostages." The Kaplan expressed his great sorrow at the news, and assured her imperial Majesty that there were thousands on the mountains around who would die rather than see a hair of her Majesty's head plucked out. "What can be the cause of a revolution against an Emperor whose only thought has been the good of his people?" "As your imperial Majesty has asked me a question, I feel that not only my allegiance to my sovereign, whom I dearly love. but also my duty as a priest of Christ's Church.

lire that I should not flinch from giving a true wer." "And what is your answer?" asked the press. "All over Europe we have seen kings ing the wind; and we now see them reaping harvest of whirlwinds. Crowned heads have the chief revolutionists," said the Kaplan. has always been the aim of the Austrian ernment to oppose those disturbers of the e." "Yes, your imperial Majesty, the aim of the ernment has been to maintain internal peace; they have, unfortunately, been all the while ring the Revolution. Kings have thought to their thrones by allying themselves with the plution, although the method of the Revolusts has been to efface from men's minds the ility of the Gospel, which was the foundation ne civilisation of the Middle Ages. As the alone has resisted this policy, kings have tried ke from him all his power, and thus abolish tance to the revolutionary propaganda." "How you say that?" asked the Archduke Ludwig great concern, and an evident desire to rstand these novel and somewhat astounding s of the Kaplan. No other person but the lan could have said thus much. The Empress d have regarded such words as intolerable idence in the mouth of any other person.

But the Kaplan was beloved by the whole country for his devotion to the poor, and for his eagemess to sympathise with them, and for his constant desire to learn all their feelings and to help to bear their sorrows. Besides, he was held by rich and poor to be a saint. His learning, depth of insight, and calm wisdom (the result of many meditations), were well known to the Court. What the Kaplan said had, therefore, served only to increase the auxicty of the Empress and the Archduke. can you say that?" asked Archduke Ludwig. " In these days," answered the Kaplan, "revolution is no longer a sedition; it is not a momentary or local uprising of a people in defence of some right, The Revolution is universal; the Revolution is en permanence; it will last until the end of all things and the final establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth. As the Church of Christ is not a country which is drawn and coloured on the map, but pervades every country, and is a power which influences governments; so is the Revolution or anti-Christian Society a power which influences all governments; it is a canker which corrupts every nation!" "Herr Kaplan," said the Empress in a low voice, "I cannot follow your thoughts, for I have not your learning. Can you explain your views to me?" "I mean that the word 'revolualthough he sternly refuses to leave his bothy, or give up his shepherd's life. The Marquis and Marchioness di Pombal also visit the Glen and stay with their friends, in order to be initiated into highland life. The Countess of Lightfield has the satisfaction of doing much injury by her malice, and causing much annoyance by her tongue; but the Duchess's prediction proved true: the happy couple were drawn closer together.

Again, if every man's reason is sufficient of itself, there can be no necessity for revelation; man can require, even in Christian doctrine, no guide external to himself; and what then becomes of the Church as a necessity and an institution of (ind) this same principle is, therefore, the principle of atheism. Again, if a man's reason is sufficient. every man can for himself decide between right and wrong; so that each man is, for himself, the fountain of law and the source of morality. as a necessary consequence of this baneful principle. a Divine and eternal law over every man, and a Divine and unchangeable code of morality, is denied. Moreover, legislation at once ceases to be only the application of eternal laws to the changing circumstances of the place or the time, and becomes the creation or framing of law. Again, if a man's reason is sufficient of itself, every man can for himself decide between truth and falsehood; so there is an end of the Faith; for man no longer requires to be told what to believe. From the same baneful principle comes the theory of the Sovereignty of the People, from which many absurdities may be deduced, and among others that inconsistent compromise of Rousseau's called 'the Representative or Parliamentary System;' and also that wicked doctrine which we have just seen in practice, namely,

the right of a people to get rid of its Sovereign. All this indeed is logical enough, if you once grant the first principle. For, if the people is the source of power, of law, of morality, the Sovereign can be no more than the servant, or first minister of the "But how have kings," the Empress eople." sked with evident anguish, "been the chiefs of the levolution?" "Your imperial Majesty will know hether the crowned heads of Europe have upheld te Divine law as binding on every man of high or w degree, and enforced an unchangeable morality. id proclaimed an eternal faith, and pointed to the hurch of Christ as the interpreter of these, and the gan by which Christ speaks to His people, and which He rules His kingdom; or whether, on e other hand, kings and civil governments have eased to uphold these truths, and have acted on re principle of the independence of man's reason. 1d the sovereignty of the people, and all the ther corollaries which I have mentioned." The aplan, who spoke with much fervour, was almost locked at his own boldness; the others were beildered by his doctrine; and not another word as spoken until the steamer reached Eben-See. here the noisy Trauner river rushes tumultuously to the placid lake between the still high faces of te calm eternal mountains. The Empress, in a

kind and tender voice, begged the Kaplan to take his seat in the carriage with herself, and the Archduke, and Archduchess.

Rapidly they drove, for an hour and a half, up the narrow valley, between the lofty mountains, and beside the river which rushes down with its big blue waves and gurgling waters. The white road lay between high spruce firs, which shed their peculiar odour and cast their refreshing shade They passed that rock in the middle of the river, which is now surmounted by a large crucifix. There the gilt pendant form, life size, is always shining in the sun, while the wild waves dash angrily against the immovable rock, and are broken, and move on to be succeeded by other waves which share the same fate. How like the Church, against which the wicked (who, we are told, are "like waves of the sea") exert all their powers and cannot prevail!

A few minutes more, and just before the point where the Traun receives the river Ischl (which runs from the Scharf-Berg or Austrian Rigi, and the St. Wolfganger Sea, and the West), the carriage rapidly dashed through the gateway to the park on the side of the mountain. The Empress descended from the carriage, and the Kaplan made his bow and was about to retire, when the

Empress said, "Herr Kaplan, I hope the Herr Pfarrer will let you preach to-morow, on the subject which has so much interested me to-day" (for it was now Saturday evening). The Kaplan said he would impart to his superior, her imperial Majesty's desire.

Let us take a survey of this beautiful spot. Ischl is at the meeting of four valleys. It rests at the centre of the cross thus formed. The valley to the north-west is that through which we have travelled from Eben-See and the Trauner lake. north-east there is a valley which seems to end in the Loser mountain and the Styrian Alps. At the end of a long valley to the south-east there are the glaciers and the perpetual snow on the Dachstein and the Thorstein, which are 10,000 feet high, and look like an insurmountable wall between us and Illyria. Beyond them are the Carinthian Alps. We look up the valley of the river Ischl to the Austrian Rigi, which stands at the head of St. Wolfganger's lake, and towers up to the blue heaven, with its sharp point and wedge-like shape against the sky. In the middle of this cross of valleys, there is the little scattered town of Ischl, and the rapid river, which hurries, in tumultuous blue waves. through the whole length of the town. At the very centre of the cross there is a green hill in the shape

of a heart, with a few pine-trees on it. There is on the other side of the Traun, and in the angle between that river and the Ischl, the Calvarien Berg. -a green hill, considerably higher than the former and crowned with trees. Here, for centuries, three figures, of life size, have hung to their crosses. amidst the shady solitude of the copse. The pathway, which leads to this solemn and melancholy spectacle, has its little wayside chapels, and its "Stations of the Cross." Here the brave and hardy mountaineers have learned, amid their mountains. the foundations of Christianity and the duty of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Not in books, not by man's learning, have these unlettered and ignorant inhabitants of the secluded valleys learned truths for which the philosophers of old have yearned, and to which they could not attain. They have learned them from the reality, which is the child of meditation,—a reality assisted, in their case, by the pictures and images before them.

The spacious parish church is situated near the confluence of the two rivers, but on the other side of the river Ischl from the palace. This church is now filled by a large concourse of people, for the mountaineers are a very religious race. When the Kaplan was seen kneeling in silent prayer before the altar, a thrill ran through the large assembly; for

the odour of sanctity, in which he lived, had made him a favourite with all the inhabitants far and near. The imperial pew is to the left of the altar, and appears at first sight to be within the sanctuary rails. The emaciated form of the Kaplan at last rose, and, bowing first to the altar and then to the Empress, he slowly mounted the pulpit. His large, massive, broad forehead seemed, in its whiteness to reflect the light which fell upon it. His eyes were sunken and dark; his eyebrows heavy and straight; his cheeks very emaciated. His very appearance inspired awe, mixed with love. The Empress, the Archduke, and the Archduchess felt a greater and more nervous interest, in the coming sermon, than all the rest of the congregation. Their eyes were riveted on the ground. With a slow, clear, and distinct utterance the Kaplan gave out the text:-"We will not have this man to reign over us. We have no king but Cæsar."

"The taking and sack of Jerusalem, a very few years after the Jews uttered this cry, and the tortures and crucifixions of thousands or Jews, was the gratification of the desire which they uttered. 'He gave them their heart's desire, and leanness to their souls,' said King David. Who was He whom they would not have to reign over them? He of whose reign

THE BUILDING

it was said that 'in æternum non dissinabitur:' - the Almighty God, the King of the whole earth. Those Jews, even, who did not know enough of His life and history to look upon Him in this light. had yet seen enough to prove His character. they passed a judgment without considering the evidence." The Kaplan then went through all the works of our Lord, pointing out that they proved a character for justice and mercy and love, as eminently as the deeds of the Cæsars showed a character for lawlessness, egotism, and cruelty: and yet this wicked Jewish nation preferred Cæsar He then continued: "The Christian priesthood has descended and been derived from this priesthood of Christ,—the priest, in eternity. of the order of Melchisedec, to whom Abraham The Head of the Christian offered sacrifices. priesthood is, by the institution of God, the Vicar or Vicegerent of Christ on earth. If man had no wants but those of his spirit, there would have been no need for any other authority on earth besides the spiritual authority of Christ's priesthood. But as the wants of man's body, and the peace and order of communities, have also to be provided for, therefore God has instituted the temporal power, as well as the spiritual. God has not, however, designed that the temporal power shall exist

everywhere in the same form; He has determined that it shall be various, so as to suit the different characters and dispositions of the societies in different places.

"There are, then, two great powers,—the spiritual and the temporal. Both these powers are of God; but they differ in respect of the ends which they severally have in view, and the different matter of their operations. These powers are, therefore, quite distinct. But man is spirit conjoined with a body; and therefore these powers cannot be separate. As they are distinct, the spiritual power does not interfere with matters which relate to man's body alone; and the temporal power may not meddle with things which concern his spirit.

"The question then arises: Which of these distinct powers shall be subordinate to the other? whether shall man's spirit, and all which relates to it, or his body be superior? One evidently must be so, or else there cannot be order; and yet, in all that proceeds from God, there must be order. 'Quæ a Deo sunt,' says the apostle, 'ordinata sunt.' Two powers or activities, which are not utterly separate, must clash, unless one is subordinate to the other. So the two powers of which I have spoken, two powers which are distinct but not

separate, the temporal and the spiritual-cannot co exist unless the one is subordinate to the other. Otherwise, by reason of the defects in man, the and which they severally have in view, and the matters on which they severally operate, must certainly collide and grind against each other. How, I ask you, which of the two powers must be subordinate to the other? There is no one in this parish to whom it will occur that any answer but the one le possible. Yet there are, alas! many who pretend that the spiritual power must be subordinate to the temporal: that the wants of man's soul must be put below the wants of his looly; that the State must give laws to the thund, and that the particular and transitory is of more importance than the universal and eternal Those who hold this notion are and of man. called Laberala. A whole system has been built on this basis, and it has been called Liberalism. You all hold that the temporal power is of God; and that the civil sovereignty has, therefore, in purely material interests, nothing above it, except God and His laws. But you hold, also, that God created the temporal power in subordination to the spiritual power; and that the latter is more directly, and by positive institution, from God. You know also that the head of Christ's one universal Church is the Vicegerent of the King of the whole world; and that he is the infallible interpreter of God's laws and of the Divine revelations of the truths to be believed. You also know that if the temporal power is not to be abused, it must be exercised in accordance with the Divine law; and this law, as well as the interpretation of it, has been committed,—not to nations, not to parliaments, not to kings, not to any individual for himself,—but to the Church and her Head on earth. Every man has, therefore, to 'hear the Church.'

"The pretension of Liberalism,—that the Church must be under the State, or under Cæsar,—is therefore sedition against God and against His order of the world. It is Revolution par excellence. independence of man, the self-sufficiency of man's reason, the self-will of man, is rebellion against God. There is, then, God on one side, and Revolution on the other. Every nation has the choice of Hercules before it: either submitting to an empire of man, or entering into the kingdom of God, and becoming an integral part of it. The former is a reign of force or tyranny; the latter is the sway of God's law, the reign of justice and charity. Either Cæsar or Christ Jesus must reign over you. Which will you have?

"The reign of force began with Cain. embodied in Nimrod; it was felt under Nero and Diocletian. The kingdom of Christ was then being cut out 'without hands.' The Church at length conquered the Roman Empire in a miraculous manner, and apparently without any power for such a task. She next subjugated the barbarians, and worked hard to render political power and political institutions in accordance with the conceptions of Christianity, and the laws of God. That was her work in the Middle Ages. Then Luther raised the standard of revolt, and incited kings and rulers to declare themselves free from all restraint, and sav. 'We will not have this man to reign over us.' 'The kings of the earth stood up, and the princes met together, against the Lord, and against His Christ; saying, Let us break their bonds asunder, and let us cast away their yoke from us' (Ps. ii. 2, 3).

"This doctrine was turned into a 'policy' by Voltaire, who wrote (March, 1763, and March 1 and 2, 1764, to D'Alembert and to Chauvelin; March 3, to King Frederick; December 14, to Damilaville), 'I begin to see Europe filled with reasonable men. The reign of Reason is coming. The light has so spread, that revolution is certain to break out. . . . I wish to see

the earth delivered from the chimerical notions of Catholicism. . . . The Christian religion is infamous, an abominable hydra, a monster that requires a hundred thousand invisible hands to wound it.' The adherents of this sect were frequently placed, as tutors, in families of rank. In regard to the royal family of Parma, Voltaire wrote (November 17, 1760, and in a letter to D'Alembert, June 30, 1770), 'The scion of the house of Parma will be well surrounded; he will have Condillac and Leire for tutors; and if, after that, he is a bigot, then Divine grace must be a very powerful thing.' These persons were called 'Illuminati' in Germany, and they spoke of 'the progress of light,' In France they were styled 'Encyclopedists' and 'Philosophers;' and Horace Walpole, in his letter to General Conway (Paris, October 28, 1765), explained the 'philosophers' to be those who aimed at the destruction of all religion and of monarchy. Another writer (Guiseppe Montanelli, 'Introduzione ad alcuni punti storici') said, 'For the same reason that we called ourselves Philosophers in the last century, and Liberals during the first half of the present century, we shall henceforth call ourselves Socialists: for socialism has become the order of the day of the Revolution, just as philosophy and liberalism were, each in their own time."

"This policy was inaugurated, in practice, by Choiseul and Pompadour, in France; by Frederick the Great, in Prussia; by the Emperor Joseph II. and Kaunitz, in Germany; by Pombal, in Portugal; and by D'Aranda, in Spain; while George III., with Burke and Pitt in England, alone resisted it. In all these countries the legislation has been against the Church.

"Now let me draw to a close. As the Church consists of those who take our Lord for their example, and imitate Him; and order all their thoughts, and words, and deeds to be like Him; so does the Anti-Christian Society, or Synagogue of Satan,—the Revolution, in fact,—consist of those who follow the spirit of Evil, and do his work, and are directly influenced and inspired by him. 'You are of your father, the devil; and the desires of your father you will do. He was a murderer from the beginning; and he stood not in the truth, because truth is not in him' (John viii. 44).

"The Revolution can, of course, not live in harmony with the Church; for the fundamental principles of these two are in contradiction. The Church teaches the duty of believing revealed truths; the Revolution teaches the theory called liberty of thought, that is, the sufficiency of every man's reason. The Church says that men are bound by

eternal laws, and their consciences by Divine precepts: the Revolution says that every man is sovereign, and a judge for himself of what is moral and legal. The Church says that all men must be subject to a divinely-constituted authority for the whole world; the Revolution asserts that they have been born, and remain free and independent. The Church tells us that God has ordered every human society, and that by His laws men are to frame their statutes and rule every community; the Revolution proclaims that there is no source of law and of right except the will or caprice of the people, and that whatever government the people establishes is supreme in all things, and without appeal from its decisions. In short, the Revolution discards all belief; and frames new schools without God; and passes laws without a thought of God's will; and orders its relations with individuals and families and social bodies, without God; and lastly, instead of the will of God, the supreme Lawgiver and King of the whole earth, the Revolution substitutes the changing caprices of the national will,—at least, what a mob of ignorant deputies affirm to be the national will. Thus it is that the Church and the Revolution are implacable enemies; and the Church can truly repeat: 'He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad.' For the Church combines and makes men to live at union; while the egotistic principle of the Revolution is repellant and scattereth. They 'are separate, because they are carnal (of the flesh).'

"Mark also the pernicious political consequences which flow from such principles: as, by the theory of the liberty of conscience, the rule of an extrinsic authority is destroyed, there can remain no other motive power, except self-interest. Every man comes to be governed by passion; and the laws of the state become nothing but manifestations of the passionate tendencies of the majority. Moreover. as by the theory of the liberty of thought, or the self-sufficiency of every man's reason, all unanimity concerning the fundamental principles of society is necessarily removed, every one acquires a right to put forward his own theories on every point of political life; and to gain followers, by all available means, to his views; and to endeavour finally to carry them into practice. The consequence of this must be divergences of opinion, divisions, disunion, factions, antagonisms, bitterness, enmity, and instability. The Revolution, therefore destroys the two first requisites for a state-unity and stability. It is the diluent of every society, and works its dissolution."

The Kaplan's voice had been getting weaker and weaker; and when he arrived at this point, he sank down completely exhausted. With an effort he recovered himself; and after a few minutes of prayer before the altar, he rose, bowed low to the Empress, and retired. He had preached over the heads of the congregation; for his sermon was addressed entirely to the Empress, the Archduke. the Archduchess, and their suite. It was not lost upon them. The congregation had listened attentively, however, and one remembered one part, and another bore in mind another point, just as it happened to strike them. As they afterwards lingered, in conversation, in the public places of the town, these points were all rehearsed and discussed: and so the whole sermon became fixed in their memories.

That Sunday morning the Empress had received an express from the Emperor, ordering her to repair at once, and secretly, to Prague. She had wondered much at the purport of the message, but left Ischl at nightfall. The Archduke accompanied her as far as Passau, where they arrived in strict incognito before dawn. As they pass the cathedral they see that the lights are just being lit, and they enter. The church is all in darkness, with the exception of the high altar. That altar is of polished brass; and each candle is reflected many

times; so that it seems as if a hundred candles are burning on the altar. The rest of the church is in darkness. The roof is invisible: the ends of the aisles cannot be seen; and the massive columns become, one by one, dimmer and more indistinct in their perspective. It seems as if the cathedral is without limit, and as if the aisles extend into endless space. There is a general appearance of infinity. A solemn grandeur pervades the whole. The Empress feels as if she has entered eternity. The organ begins to roll its sounds along the unseen roof, and the first mass of the day begins. As is the custom in Passau, Benediction is sung at the middle of the Mass: and the Blessed Sacrament remains exposed until This is a source of great joy to the the end. Empress. The words of the Kaplan rest still upon her mind, and ring for ever in her ears.

After Mass, the Archduke parted from the Empress, and returned to Ischl. He was driving again under the pine-trees, beside the rapid river, as the sun was low in the heavens. The Kaplan met him, and stopped the carriage. In a few hasty words the Kaplan told the Archduke that a number of revolutionists, headed by two Russians,—Bakounin and Milutin,—had secretly arrived in the town, at night, with the object of seizing the

Empress and retaining her as a hostage. The Palace had been attacked, and was now occupied by them. The Kaplan ended by saying that the Archduke must proceed by a mountain path, with two trustworthy mountaineers who were waiting; their names were Franz and Johann. The Archduke, in an anguish of anxiety, asked about his wife. But the Kaplan and the mountaineers had no information to give him. Sorrowfully he laboured up an intricate and difficult path, until he reached Böhmen Höhe, on the Jainzer Berg, overlooking the grounds of the palace from a great height. Behind them, towers the Hohe Joch. This mountain is separated by a little valley, or rather a saddle, from the one on which they were standing.

The sun had not risen many minutes, before a servant of the Empress, named Joseph, came suddenly upon them. He started and seemed confused. The two mountaineers frowned, and looked at each other, as each instinctively laid his hand on the butt of a pistol which was concealed under his tunic. But they said nothing. Joseph stammered out an excuse. "He had escaped from the revolutionists, who had blockaded themselves in the palace." Why, then, hadhe taken the path to the Böhmen Höhe, as if he were merely an advanced picket? The Archduke, too eager for

intelligence about his wife, allowed these and other sinister signs to escape him. To his eager inquiries, Joseph answered so calmly, that a keen observer would have perceived that he was merely rehearsing a rôle,—" She has met her death. I learned, before leaving, that her funeral is to take place at once."

The fact was, that when the house was attacked, the Archduchess looked out of the Empress's window, and saw Joseph pointing her out to the revolutionists. (For the retreat of the Empress had been accomplished so secretly, that even Joseph was not aware of it.) The Archduchess. with an Italian's acuteness, at once told one of her ladies, to put her own shawl over her head and to stand there, while she herself ran down the stairs, seized a bonnet and cloak belonging to one of the maidscrvants, and passed out of a back door between many of the attacking party. The object of the revolutionists was to seize the Empress. They were admitted by Joseph; they ran upstairs; they perceived that the lady was not the Empress, nor the Archduchess. They learned from her that the Empress and Ludwig had left the previous evening. They feared that the Archduke would return and raise the mountaineers, and therefore they took the cunning resolution of sending intelligence to Ludwig, that the Archduchess had been killed. This they did in the hopes of entrapping him, on his too hasty return to the palace. Their spies had brought intelligence that Ludwig had left his carriage and struck off into the hills, and therefore it was that Joseph. who was in fact one of the revolutionary party. was sent (as were many others also) to carry this deluding intelligence. At Joseph's words, Ludwig stood on the Böhmen Höhe, as one entranced. A burying party issued from the palace. There are no religious rites; no priest; no symbol of the Saviour who died for us; merely a procession. and two muffled drums. The ceremony, if such it can be called, is soon over. Joseph proposes to return to the palace in order to gather intelligence. "Never," said Johann. Ludwig is astonished and looks at them wistfully. They remove their hats, and say, according to their customary parlance, "All gracious master, do not permit it. must instantly retire from this, and take Joseph with us." Ludwig is too broken-hearted to mind what he does; he nods assent and follows the mountaineers. Johann seizes a favourable opportunity for drawing his horse pistol, and saying to Joseph: "The moment you stir from our side, four balls from such as these will follow you. understand?" Joseph turns pale, and his lip quivers.

Ludwig follows, humming to himself the i

"Ah me! she's dead and gone away;
I saw them put her 'neath the sod.—
Oh! no! she floats in lasting day
About the throne of God.
As calm and gentle was her life
So calm and peaceful was her death;
Against God's will she felt no strife,
Without a sigh resigned her breath.
Adieu, my dearest wife, adieu!
Good, faithful, wise, and ever true!
Yes, go, my sweetest angel, go!
Our Saviour beckoned from above.—
As you are lov'd, so now you love:
As you are known, so now you know,

And scan our loving Father's gracious will. From Space and Time,—from our entranced sight, God called you forth to realms of boundless light.

Your gentle spirit shall bide with me still,
Although your face has faded from my view;
My only joy, my own dear wife, Adieu!
No more,—no more my tearful eyes shall see
Your welcome form: now home's no home for me;
The lengthen'd days their shadows cast
O'er all my joys and pleasures past;
My love lies buried in the tomb
And lonely misery's my doom.
Farewell, farewell, my better part,
Sole solace to an aching heart!—
My week of joy is past; fly night of sorrow!
Soon Christ shall wake me to a happy morrow."

The mountaineers pass along the mountain side,

some distance, in a south-westerly direction. In they descend and cross the river Ischl, and ke cautiously towards the Calvarien Berg, in er to reconnoitre. There is too much disbance in the town below, to render it safe for m to show themselves outside the wood. It is annother than the town below, to render it safe for m to show themselves outside the wood. It is annother than the woods, and it is and they strike into the woods, and had difficulty gain the ruined castle of Wildstein. The in comparative safety from a surprise, they the tawhile. The Archduke, who had risen to a remanly frame of mind on the Calvarien Berg, we takes the opportunity to write down the following lines:—

"Bloom not for me, ye vernal flowers,
Sweet gorgeous trappings of the Spring;
Unfold not for me, to gentle showers,
Your tender green, ye sheltered bowers.
Blow not for me, ye gentle airs,
Blow not for me, nor bring,
From orange-wreaths, your fragrant breath;
Sigh rather, or waft me solace for my cares,
And blow from the charnel-house of death,
In fierce, rough, boisterous squalls,
And buffet with the oaks, and lash the angry flood,
And bring up thunder-clouds,—those sombre palls
For the azure sky. Thou sun; drop down in blood.
Do battle with the reckless waves,
Ye basalt rocks,—ye black-robed priests,

Waiting to chant, o'er vawning graves,

Your requiems for all lovely things. Arm me, ye powers of heaven and earth! Arm me! oh! gracious King of Kings! To bear my lot, and bear with fortitude.-Be strong, be strong, my heart, in solitude: Learn from the pine-tree's blasted trunk. Which crowns alone you mountain-peak. And braves the angry blast which sunk A nation's navies. Or let that column speak Which stood on the arid plain from age to age. And braved the scorching Simoom's rage. No! learn from him who saw unmoved The quaking earth, heaven's fire, and wounding storm,— Those dreadful preludes to the gentle form Of that meek Word who loves and ever loved. Or rather learn from Him who bore unshaken, When slandered, crucified, forsaken."

From Wildstein they descend by the steep rugged path, through the thick wood, to the river Traun, which they cross with difficulty. Then, following the road by Gossau, they arrive at the end of the beautiful lake of Halstadt. Here a boat is made fast to a tree. The western side of the lake is fringed by high wooded mountains. The right side is one continuous high precipice, which turns eastward at right angles, near the top of the lake, opposite the curious old town of Halstadt. At this right angle there is a wooded point of land, on which a small castle was built, a few years before, by a Russian,—Count Strogonoff. This castle can be approached

only by boat, or by a dangerous path-way over the precipice. The southern end of the lake is also a precipice, which is in perpetual shadow. Over this precipice the Dachstein glacier is seen in the distance.

Johann and Franz loose the boat and seize the oars. Joseph is put in the bows, and Ludwig seats himself in the stern. The two mountaineers row the boat to the precipice at a point about midway of its length. There is a small grassy slope, on which they all land. From this slope a very narrow pathway leads, with many twists and turns, up the face of the precipice, to a cave about two-thirds of the way up. This is to be their resting-place; and it is secure from all attack. The pathway then becomes more narrow, and almost impassable, and leads to another cave not far below the brow of the precipice. From this latter cave, it is comparatively easy to reach the summit.

As soon as Ludwig is in the cave, he lies down to rest, while Johann keeps watch at the cave's mouth. Joseph does the same, for his own purposes; but Franz clambers to the top of the cliff, to take the tidings to the Kaplan, and to gain intelligence in the town. Before daybreak the next morning, the Kaplan and Franz start for the cave. The sun is rising as they reach the summit of the

cliff, and the Kaplan stops involuntarily to admire its splendour. Franz suddenly pulls the Kaplan down into a little hollow of the moor, saying that he saw a man creeping over the brow of the hill from the cave. It is Joseph. Franz creeps after him, from hollow to hollow. Presently Joseph descends the precipitous path to Count Strogonoff's castle, in a way that proves it to be by no means the first time that he has been that way. Franz at once returns to the Kaplan, and they both descend to Archduke Ludwig's cave. Iohann had dropped asleep after his fatigues, and then it was that Joseph took advantage of the opportunity to escape. "They will attempt to seize your imperial Highness as a hostage," said Franz. cannot get here," said Johann; "one of those stones from the back of the cave, rolled down at the moment they are on that part of the pathway below, would sweep six or eight of them to utter destruction; and they know this full well." said the Kaplan, "Joseph will be employed at his old vocation, and will be sent back here, before the time when we may be expected to be awake, in order that he may watch and bring intelligence. The best plan will be for Franz and me to hide in that little bushy hollow near the place where the pathway gains the moor, and to let Johann sleep

at his post again, so that Joseph may regain the cave without suspecting that he has been observed." This proposal is at once acted upon. In a short time Joseph returns alone. Afterwards the Kaplan and Franz enter the cave as if they had only just arrived. Joseph thinks he has not been observed. The mountaineers keep a sharp outlook all that day,—the one remaining at the mouth of the cave : while the other, pretending to go to Ischl, hides himself in the hollow. After nightfall, just as Franz is about to return to the cave, he observes two men coming from the direction of Count Strogonoff's. They stop close to the bushy hollow where Franz is lying. One is a North German. the other a foreigner; and the following words pass between them: "It is close to this spot that the pathway begins." "We may soon expect Joseph to show us the way down. Remember that the Archduke is to be seized alive; but the mountaineers with him are to be shot at once, lest they should throw us down the cliff." There is then a long silence, during which Franz considers what he should do. The foreigner then again addresses his companion: "I will walk over the knoll to the next hollow, for I do not think that this is the right one; but do you watch here." As soon as he disappears over the hillock, Franz rises from his

hiding-place, and, rushing up to the other man, deals him a blow on the head with a knotted stick which he held in his hand. His intention is merely to stun the man who intended to murder him; but the culprit falls to rise no more. Franz carries him to the bushes where he himself had lain all day, and drops his burden just as Count Strogonoff returns, saying, "No, this must be the place. There is Joseph; now go with him, while I remain here; and remember, Joseph, your part is to seize the Archduke; but do not hurt him if you can avoid it." Franz, without uttering a sound, follows Joseph closely down the path, for it is too dark for Joseph to recognise him. When they are close to the cave, Joseph turns round and says: "The Kaplan and Johann are there; you had better despatch them both, and we will put an end to Franz when he returns. I will seize the Archduke." Franz felt half a mind to hurl him down the precipice; but he restrained himself. He merely nods, as if in assent, and motions Joseph to proceed. In another minute Joseph springs into the cave and seizes the Archduke by the Franz follows, and, taking Joseph by the throat, he holds him to the ground, saving: "Traitor, now I have you." Johann assists Franz to bind him, and a few words suffice to explain

situation to the Archduke and the Kaplan. latter at once decides that Johann must fire shots, as if Joseph was executing the Count's ing, and then go with Franz, to seize the it. As they reach the top the Count asks, w have you done the job?" "Thus, traitor!" Franz, springing at his throat. The Count s his revolver and fires. Franz falls. Johann s the hand which holds the revolver, and es it violently against the Count's breast, in ttempt to throw him on his back. The reer is accidentally discharged, and the ball es up through the Count's chin into his head. nn turns to Franz and finds him rising. He t badly wounded. They both then look for nan whom Franz had struck, and, finding that their enemies are dead, they descend to the again. Joseph is being questioned by the duke, and admits that he had long been a ber of the secret societies, and had been ed in the Emperor's household as a spy; that and conveyed all his intelligence to Count gonoff, as his superior, and had taken all orders him; also that he had been employed that to seize the Archduke alive and to retain as a hostage, while his accomplice was to have i the others. He, moreover, tells the Archduke that the Archduchess had escaped when the palace was taken, but that he had been sent to report her death, in the hopes that the Archduke would be rash enough to return to the palace. "And where is she now?" asks Ludwig. "I know not; but spies are being sent in every direction to take her." "We must lose no time in raising the mountaineers," whispers the Kaplan. The Kaplan then exhorts Joseph to repentance; but Joseph maintains a dogged silence. The Archduke proposes to leave the cave and endeavour to collect a force of mountaineers. Joseph, not knowing that the Count and his accomplice had been killed, and fearing to meet them, begged hard to be pardoned and let go. "You must first repent of your crimes and abjure your secret society," said the Archduke. "Never," says Joseph, as he rises and endeavours to run up the path; but he makes a false step, and falls to the bottom of the precipice.

When the Archduke reaches the top, he looks up to heaven as he falls on his knees, to return thanks for the intelligence of his wife's safety. Then rising, he says to the Kaplan, "We must lose no time in collecting a force of mountaineers. This intelligence has given me new heart. As I looked on that starlit sky last night I could not

repeating the epigram of Plato, which I slated when at college. It runs thus:—

"Thou lookest, my love, at the stars above!
What would I give to be
The starry skies, with thousand eyes,
That I might gaze at thee?"

1e Kaplan sends Franz to Halstadt with instructhat as many mountaineers as can should at Böhmen Höhe at sun-down that evening. nn and the Archduke are to bring others from east side of the Trauner river; while the an is to go to Ischl, and send some of the sitants to lie in ambush near the palace on outh side. As the sun is setting that day, a party descends from the hill and advances to ery doors of the palace, and finds the revoluts eating and drinking. An alarm is given n, and Ludwig's small party retires up the o the remainder of the force, who were held serve, in a thicket, by the Archduke. time, the party in ambush rushes forward enters the palace. Bakounin and Milutin, a few followers, seeing at a glance the position airs, strike into the wood, where it is too dark llow them, and eventually escape. The rest eir party are shot down or surrender.

the palace some of the Archduchess's ladies

and some servants are found imprisoned, and give intelligence as to the Archduchess's hiding-place. A number of Freemason documents also fall into the hands of the Archduke. By these he learns that the Russian and English governments had been fomenting and aiding the revolutionary plans throughout Europe; and that Louis Philippe (himself a Freemason, and the nominee of the Freemasons to the throne of France) had lost his crown, because he wished to stop short in his revolutionary career, and refused to carry out the orders of the lodges.

That night the Archduchess and the Kaplan reach the palace. The next day a solemn thanksgiving is made in the parish church, and the loyal mountaineers come, in such numbers, that they fill not only the church, but also the triangular space otside the building.

"Now," said Besso, "I have finished my story, but as it is Sunday, you must let me make the Kaplan preach another sermon, which I read to-day."

"I think we have already had too much of the first one," said Papa; but the children, wishing to prolong the story, begged for the sermon.

"Well, then," said Besso, "every one who is tired of it can go away, and I will rehearse the sermon

to the others. The Kaplan's sermon was as follows:—

"'Insomuch as to deceive (if possible) even the elect' (Matt. xxiv. 24). Satan is called the deceiver. If he were to appear in his true colours, we could recognise him as the spirit of evil, and then he would not be a deceiver. But he appears always as 'an angel of light,' and all his works are made to appear good; and so he deceives. One of the Fathers of the Church said that Satan is 'the ape of God,' because he seeks to supplant Jesus Christ on earth by an imitation—a spurious imitation of Christ's works and life. The Antitype of the Church of Christ is the synagogue of Satan, or the Revolution. The one is the true diamond, and the other is exactly like it, except that it is only crystal.

"Let us follow out this thought,—the comparison, I mean, of the Church of Christ with the Revolution. The latter has been built up by Satan, and rests upon him; while the former has been created by God, and stands upon Christ. Here, then, at the very beginning, we meet with the greatest difference between the reality and the imitation. For our Lord Christ is the Truth, and the Spirit of self-sacrifice, or Love; while Satan is the father of lies and the spirit of selfishness. The former is the foundation of rock, strongly cohering and immov-

able; the latter is the foundation of sand, which does not cohere (for self-seeking is the principle of separation), and is most movable. Lies cannever agree together; only truths can harmonise = and form a system. Therefore it is that all religious societies, except the Church, which stands upon the Rock, and against which the gates of hell cannot prevail, are always splitting up into hundreds of sects and subdivisions. This process has been called 'the hypodichotomy of petty schisms; '* and the history of such sub-dividing in the seventeenth century has been written. called it 'subdichotomy,' and deplored the inevitable process which he saw in his day; while Bossuet wrote two volumes on the 'Variations of Protestant Churches.'

Let us proceed to trace the imitation, or rather parody of the Christian Church, which appears in the Revolution. The first mark of the Church of Christ, as you all are aware,—that token by which She is chiefly known,—is her unity. How has Satan, in the Revolution, made a spurious imitation of unity? He has founded that society on indifference to truth and contempt for all authority. The fundamental principle of the Freemasons is that no religion is better or truer than another. They

[&]quot;The Four Experiments in Church and State," 1864.

Profess to receive all, into their lodges, without distinction, be they Protestants, Theists, Buddhists, Or Mohammedans. Satan makes an apotheosis of error or falsehood, and establishes it as the basis of his system. 'Opinions (he continues to Whisper) are one as good as another; and each man is free to hold what he likes, and to believe what he chooses.' This indifference to truth, makes a lacquer of unity; for it is so general, so utterly indefinite, so colourless, that all men can come under it. Such a society is founded on negations. While the Christian Church says, 'I believe,' the synagogue of Satan says, 'I do not believe,' or at least, 'I do not affirm.'

"Unity is 'the one in the many.' So the one Church is divided into kingdoms, provinces, sees, and parishes. The secret societies also have their spurious imitation of the 'one in the many;' they have their central council, or Haute Vente; their Grand Orient in each kingdom; their provincial lodges, and their circles. There is a complete organisation; there is a hierarchy of rulers, under one central council, to whose orders all give a blind obedience under pain of death. This organisation gives the appearance of unity, although all the members 'are separate, being carnal.' In a remarkable publication of the year

1797, at a time when this subject was deeply studied and widely canvassed, ('L'Antidote au Congrès de Raastadt'), the writer, who was eminently qualified to pronounce a judgment, said: 'The Revolution is a body of destruction, completely organised to this end, perfectly homogeneous, with all its parts adhering together. It must either grind everything to powder, or else be itself crushed.'

"Every one feels, more or less, the influence and power of the Revolution, without knowing what it is they feel, or seeing that invisible agency which impels or thwarts them. For the Revolution is, as it were, a personality, gifted with thought and action, and drawing men in its trail, as the head of a serpent draws its body towards the point it aims at. It has its devout admirers; its legions of professors; its writers by hundreds; and also its assassins, literary, conversational, and physical. These legions serve the Revolution by spreading the reports, and inculcating the theories that may be desired. This operation of the legions is called 'forming public opinion;' and the articles in the newspapers, which are written with this object, are called 'leaders,' because they lead the minds of the unthinking multitudes. The Church on the other hand, is the Infallible

Teacher of Truth. She has in her keeping 'the deposit of faith committed to the saints' and "the true form of words' and 'sound doctrine.' It is this property of the Church which the Revolution parodies by the Press. The parody or likeness is found in what I have just told you; and the Press is the chief instrument which is made use of to spread fallacies, and disseminate false Vet learned men sit at the feet of the news. Revolution, and kings obey her behests, and hasten to carry out her policy. If you try to analyse her teaching and submit it to the laws of dialectics, you cannot see, in its devious courses, where it will end; yet you can, indeed, tell the principles from which it begins; namely, from ideas which are contradictories to the principles of Christianity. Thus Christianity teaches that the Church is the body of Christ, and has been created by God. The Revolution denies the very existence of a church as a body, and begins by assuming that a church is a voluntary association of men. Christianity affirms the presence of a divinely-guided Teacher; the Revolution, by affirming the principle of rationalism, denies every teaching authority whatsoever. Christianity teaches that the world is Christ's kingdom, and that He rules it, and orders every event, in His providence;

the Revolution denies even the existence of God. and regards every event as the result of physical laws, of a destiny, or of chance. Christianity teaches that all power and rule and authority are subordinate to God; the Revolution teaches the theory of the sovereignty of the people, and, as a consequence, the right of insurrection. Christianity teaches that property is a trust committed, by God, to certain stewards whose duty it is to forward God's ends in their use of that trust: the Revolution denies all rights of property. and preaches socialism and communism. Christianity, in fine, does not regard 'politics' as something separate from every man's duty; while the Revolution looks on the Church and on all religions as merely instruments of political action abroad, and the means of securing obedience at home.

"I have said that it is the aim of the Revolution and of all its adherents to spread errors and make use of fallacies. Some persons besides,—even well-meaning persons, suppose that if a liberty of error is recognised, a similar liberty of truth will be acknowledged, and that the truth will in the end prevail. But those persons forget that the aim of the sect is to crush the Church—deraser l'infame; and that the theory of the

Perty of error has been invented as a means smother the truth.

"The second mark of the Church is that She is tholic, or universal. The Revolution parodies his by being cosmopolitan; it owns no nation, and o kingdom; it abjures patriotism, and admits o limits to its operations; for it claims 'humaity' for its empire. At the first initiation of a reemason he is told that the lodge is the whole orld; and he is shown one 'brother' standing a pulpit called 'the North,' another in 'the ast,' another in 'the West,' and another at he South.' So again the sophisms of all ages, d the amphipologies of all countries, have been essed into the service of the Revolution, and ve been spread over all lands, under the title 'civilisation.' As Christ made His Church e and catholic, by the commission to 'go and ach all nations,' so Satan has commanded his nissaries to 'go and delude all nations into inking of the cup of the fornications' of the evolution. De Tocqueville (L'Ancien Régime et Révolution) said of this spiritual harlot: 'She s become a new religion,—a faulty religion, it is ie, without God, without worship, and without tars; but yet a religion which has, like Islamn, inundated the whole earth with its soldiers, ; apostles, and its martyrs.'

"The third mark of the Church of Christ is that She is Apostolic. The Revolution parodies this mark also, in deriving itself from King Hiram (with whom Solomon traded), and from the building of the Temple. Every one, who has studied the history and the rituals of Freemasonry, will have seen the extent to which this kind of derivation has been carried. I need not speak of their 'baptism,' and their 'altar,' and their order of 'priests,' and the blasphemous ritual of the Kadosch, which contains a travesty of the Last Supper.

"There remains but one mark more of the Church of Christ: She is Holy. This is parodied by the Revolution in the jargon of 'obedience to law,' and of 'Justice,' and 'Right,' and 'feelings of humanity,' and 'resigning one's own will' to the superiors in the order. This gives a vague and deceptive appearance of holiness to the Revolution. Deceptive, I say, for they do not even consider themselves to be under the universal and unchangeable Law of God.

"I must now ask your attention, for a few moments, to the mode of action of the Revolution. It begins by confusing good and evil, truth and falsehood. Then it stirs up a hatred to all things which are respected,—to authority, to religion; and it interlards these attempts with promises of

forms and liberties. All this while, it pushes to e highest posts and the most lucrative offices, th those men who have committed themselves evocably to the Revolution, by crimes which y have, for that very purpose, been induced to nmit; and also those stupid and blind supporters o will do, without question, whatever work the olutionary leaders may command. Thus it is t men of ability, who have fallen into vice, are urly sure to have fallen also into the arms of the volution: while men of worth, who will not port liberal doctrines, are ignored by the press i public men, or crushed by an organised spiracy in 'society.' Because the Revolution inot spread, except by the destruction of the ellectual, moral, and religious obstacles to its rance. The fallacies of the Revolution cannot received into the mind, except in so far as the vs of thought are disregarded and as men ept, without logical judgment, the current gon of the day. The political action of the volution cannot be accomplished, except in so as God's moral law is forgotten or set at Its theories of the 'sacred right of ellion,' and despising of authorities, cannot be seminated, except in so far as the teachings of ristianity are rejected.

"You must not imagine that the Revolution consists of poor men. Far from it. The chief revolutionists are sovereigns and their ministers At a critical period for the Revolution, Napoleon I. pretended, as usual, to be a supporter of 'law' and 'order:' and then placed at the service of the Revolution the despotic centralised power which he thus acquired. demoralised the conservative party in the nation, and established institutions and customs of a necessarily dissolving effect. Rénah, so well known for his ability on the side of the Revolution, wrote (Reforme Intellectuale et Morale de la France, p. 73): 'Napoleon I. saved the Revolv. tion from an otherwise inevitable shipwreck, and fully personified the new wants.' The lowering or sinking of the religious principles: the enslaving of the Church, by changing the priests into the paid servants of the State; the destruction of the ancient nobility; centralisation and bureaucracy, or functionaries both irresponsible and omnipotent; the Civil Code; the predominance everywhere given to material interests; the State monopoly of education; the conscription for the army; the sanction given by plebiscites to the theory of the sovereignty of the people; the equal division of property among the children, which was rendered compulsory at the father's death; and finally, by bringing the State everywhere and into every relation of life, as supreme;—these were the work of Napoleon I.; so that Rénan justly wrote: 'The work of Napoleon, excepting some few errors which were personal to that extraordinary man, was in fact the programme of the Revolution, realised wherever it was possible.' Yes! he was the genius of the Revolution; and his ideas France now retains, after she has repudiated his dynasty! All the governments of Europe are, indeed, by favouring the spread of liberal principles, the accomplices of that ruin, of which they will themselves soon be the victims.

"I sum up by saying that the synagogue of Satan, or the Revolution, is based on deception, and deceives by spurious imitations of that which is good. It dazzles the sight of the populace with an infinite perspective of liberties; it holds before the eyes of princes a dissolving view of power without check or control. It is both Liberalism and Cæsarism; both anarchy and tyranny. Because, wherever men are taught not to recognise any authority, they conceive that they have the right to cast off every yoke. While, on the other hand, the civil power, as soon as it has come to acknow-

ledge no authority superior to itself, no supreme Protector of Truth and Justice,—finds that there is no further obstacle to its despotism; and then its Force becomes Right. This explains the alliances of political parties the most opposed, and the combinations of interests the most contrary. They unite in a war against the Church of God. The liberal despot, who abuses his sovereign power, and the radical demagogue, who seeks to overturn it, have no basis of disagreement except difference of position; for their principles are the same They both repudiate the supremacy of Truth and Justice, which is personified in the vicar of Christ. St. John foresaw this. In the Apocalypse he tells us how he witnessed the kings of the earth and all people doing homage to the beast, who had power 'over every tribe and people, and tongue and nation,' and whom all, 'whose names are not written in the book of life, adored.' But let us remember that 'If any man shall adore the beast and his image, and receive his character in his forehead, or in his hand, he shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone."

When Besso's story was finished, Mamma said that she thought all the children had succeeded in being amusing, but their stories were fanciful, and of very little use, except for amusement; "But a story should be told with an end always kept in view." "You mean," said Papa, "that every story should be a parable;—it should either narrate an example of some truth, or else it should be an analogy. As Sunday is the day for our stories, I agree with this view, and shall endeavour to carry it out in the stories that I have promised to tell you. They shall be parables; but I will leave you to discover for yourselves the meanings of them."

The next Sunday afternoon arrived. The family maëna-hirion, or semicircle of chairs, was placed, and the little occupants, in their impatience for Papa's story, thought that the clock had gone to sleep, and that the minutes were walking with eaden feet. Yet the sky was clear, and still pright, and the west was all of burnished gold, retted with bars of orange and flaming clouds; while Fairlight Hill, and the long low shore, which ends in Dungeness, were purple against the horizon. The sunset had no charms for them, o eager was their expectation. At last the long-vished-for time arrived, and Papa began his allegory:—

THE WAR OF THE WHITE AND RED STANDARDS.

HELIOS was the heir to a distant kingdom in Asia -a land far to the east of Iturea, and the mountains which cover the north-east of Palestine. It was an empire, rather than a kingdom: as it comprised many subordinate self-ruled states, whose kings and rulers and presidents owed allegiance to the great sovereign of the empire. The capital was the city of Amina. But Helios lived in a city which he had founded and called after himself-Heliopolis. The country people, however, called it Baalbec, or City of the Sun; and they worshipped the sun as the Source of power. In that city there was the grandest and most magnificent temple to the sun, called Beth-Shemsh. It was famed over all the world for its long aisles of massive columns, which seemed to mingle together and be dwarfed in the distant perspective; for its lofty roof of fretted gold; for its altars, which shone and sparkled with precious stones; for the es of its high and coloured-glass windows; for or of varied marbles; and for the delicate y, and exquisite bass-reliefs of its capitals arches and portals. In front of the great there was a gushing fountain of cool and ing water, which leaped up many feet from ound, and fell like a cataract all round, fille building with the noise of many waters. ame of this famous well of living water was emsh. All day long the sun shone through f the windows, casting its varied lights on untain, and making its waters seem like is of sapphires and rubies, and emeralds earls.

was the conception and construction of Yet he led a secluded life, giving himself study and meditation. His time was spent acquisition of knowledge and increase of n. Although wealthy beyond comparison, e most powerful man in the city which he punded, and in the whole empire to the of which he was heir, yet he practised selfand self-restraint, and lived in a plain, e, and austere manner. All his superfluity—

i, all of his income except what was necespor the bare sustenance of life—he devoted formation of various institutions, for reliev-

ing the necessities of others, and for improving their spiritual condition.

Such a prince was made to be loved. Yet, far from it; he found himself despised. His fellowtownsmen contemned him for the plainness of his attire; they sneered at the poverty of his diet; they derided him for his humble and retiring disposition: they invented calumnies to account for his absence from the ostentation of public cere-To such a height did these ill feelings rise, that Helios quietly abandoned this great city. His departure was humble, unassuming, silent. He left in the night, and took up his abode on an exceedingly high mountain called the Hill of Melek, or Royal Hill (Melek, meaning king). The base of the mountain was shaded by thick woods which sheltered the traveller from the sun. Higher up it became rocky and barren; and the narrow path was rough and steep, and laborious At the top of the mountain there was a broad plain, covered by a velvet carpet of tender grass and mountain flowers. From the foot of the mountain there were stretched out, as far as the eve could reach, an expanse of well-watered meadows and fertile plains. Round the base of the mountain there was a broad river, which shone like blood in the setting sun, and which reflected, dur-

ing the day, the deep azure of the heavens. his river the followers of Helios had to descend for heir forage and food; and then they had to take tup with them to the mountain. Some grew tired f this labour, and were persuaded to stop in the lain and enjoy rest, and live in luxury and ease. Let us now look at the state of the empire. which Helios was heir. It was torn to pieces continual internal dissensions, and wasted by equent external wars. The people were, nevereless, steeped in luxury, sunk in every degradr vice, and enervated by repeated debauch. could hardly be called a kingdom; for longntinued anarchy had reduced it to a chaos, ile luxury had rendered it an undistinguishable uss of corruption. The Prime-Minister of the pire was Ben-Carnis; he was styled "The agnificent," because he was all-powerful, and red gorgeous magnificence and the blazonry foolish display, and the ostentatious radiancy pretentious pageantry. He had always simued a devotion to Helios, and pretended to his most ardent follower and servant. Yet only aim was to distinguish himself, and, by btle arts, to secure every possible accession power, so that he might some day leap into e throne of his king and attain to universal

dominion. It was through his policy that the empire had been reduced to its deplorable, although wealthy and luxurious, condition. It was his policy to increase wealth and encourage licentiousness and self-indulgence; thinking thereby to gain the hearts of the nation; and knowing that he could best minister to his own pride while he dazzled them with his splendour. He flattered the people, because he never tired of repeating that they were each and all essentially good, and that the mind of each man was, of itself and unaided, certain to embrace all truth. As he could not deny that some persons had gone astray, he laid their crimes wholly at the door of their timehonoured customs and old institutions, which, he said, were decrepit and superstitious, and now worn-out and unsuited to the age.

The acuteness of the Prime-Minister's intellect was shown, most of all, in conversation; when, by the cleverness of his retorts, he reduced his antagonists to doubt, and so wiped out, as from a slate, all the time-honoured maxims and principles which had been written on their hearts. Yet he was not merely negative. He promoted science and the arts, and especially those which tended to increase wealth, or which pandered to the depraved tastes of the people. He promoted luxury, he

rewarded the writers of sensuous poetry, and the limners of sensuous paintings; he pensioned ephemeral writers, and the composers of dramas and novels which ministered to a prurient fancy.

Ben-Carnis had seven sons, who were rulers of provinces of the kingdom, as well as commanders of local armies. The eldest was Subrepus beautiful in stature and appearance; great in knowledge and science; eminent in political wis-He was the Achitophel of the empire. Yet he loved praise so inordinately, and yearned so much to be always in men's mouths, that he was apt, in an almost childish manner, to dwell upon and exaggerate his heroic deeds and great achieve-He was, moreover, very ambitious, labouring all day and meditating at night to acquire more honour and to increase his fame. If he were not, indeed, the life and soul of the kingdom, he would have been called presumptuous, for throwing himself always into every matter of importance, as soon as it arose. Acute observers whispered that he was hypocritical, or at least insincere, in his professions of noble intentions, and of love for the people. He was also obstinate: not because of consummate prudence, and superior foresight, but because he held his own judgment, in all matters, to be vastly superior to the

judgments of others. His fault, if fault he had, was an overweening contempt for his brethren, and for the rest of the King's Council. The harsh opinions and invectives which he expressed, and his frequent maledictions, therefore, lessened his popularity, by preparing many secret enemies.

The second son was Susolug, the Chief Master of the Feasts, and President of the Public Entertainments. A large sum of money was allotted to him every year, to provide great banquets and fascinating amusements. This was a well-known means of government. He was corpulent and indolent, and whiled away the time in pleasures. In the latter trait he was almost outdone by the third son, Edoneh. The fourth, Habgier,—the President of Trade and Finance,—spent his energies in amassing wealth. By force and fraud he had increased enormously his own income. He was disliked by the people for his meanness and niggardliness and devotion to his own immediate interests. Ari, the fifth. was fretful, impatient, and hot-tempered. pearance he much resembled his eldest brother: but had little of his beauty, and none of his noble bearing. He was feared by all men, as he was eminently revengeful. He was known to hunt down, like a hare, every one who had ever said or done anything against him, at any time, as well

as many innocent persons who had been calumniated to him, and whom he believed to harbour against him an ill-will. He was most unforgiving. Yet he was brave in battle, and impetuous in assault. A brave and rough soldier; but intractable and inconsiderate of his inferiors. The sixth son was Aidivni: a lean-faced, hollow-cheeked. sallow; envious man, who seemed to have worn out his strength, and turned his blood sour by his emulous desires, and the ill-natured feelings which he harboured towards those who were more fortunate than himself. He spent his time in disseminating detractions and scandals: in inventing and spreading calumnies; and in framing witty and epigrammatic sentences, which were like the feathers that enable the arrow to fly, and remain in men's minds, to the injury of his victim. The seventh son, Hylé, was utterly destitute of His aim was to pass his life quietly. He was, therefore, held by some to be pusillanimous, effeminate, and cowardly. Never could he be induced to commence any work; because he remained under a painful apprehension that he would never be able to accomplish it. So it came to pass that he spent all his time in drowsiness and sleep. or else in the listless and wandering dreaminess of an opium-eater. His words, whenever he spoke, were idle; his thoughts were distracted and inconsequent. He could not fix his attention on anything.

Such was the condition of affairs at the accession of Helios to the ancient throne of the He at once left his mountain solitude of Melek, and started for the capital. But he soon turned away in disgust and horror at the scenes which arrested his attention, and the blasphemies and obscenities which assailed his In no one, high or low, did he find any re-- spect for authority; although there were, among his courtiers, many fawning sycophants, and subservient tools. In every breast there was a spirit of independence, or rather insubordination. No one observed justice. All sense of right and law had faded from men's hearts. Every one did that which was right in his own eyes. The bad habits of the rich were called "the fashion," and therefore were honoured and imitated by all men: while they were exaggerated by the poor, who burned with a secret envy, and then resorted to crimes in order to obtain money to enable them to be "in fashion." Hence the envy and hatred, mixed with fulsome adulation, of rich men; the meanness and littlenesses, mixed with profuse ostentation; the self-indulgence, with fierceness; and the effeminacy, with savage cruelty, which were observed in all the nation. Families (as King Helios observed) were no longer at one. Every son and daughter chose his own religion. and his own amusements, and went in and out as he liked: while some even lived apart, in order to be entirely free from the paternal authority or rule. This caused the whole society to be disunited—like a heap of sand which the winds blow about. Another result was, that the community was divided into factions, which fought furiously together, and angrily canvassed petty questions and minor appointments, while frivolously sneering at fundamental principles and primary truths. The most absurd thing was that,—while thus divided, while at variance, while torn to pieces by antagonisms and disputes—they abolished the old governments of towns, and the various local institutions which the communities of the empire had brought with them from the slopes of the Himalayas, and which used to be honoured, and even regarded as sacred. This they did under a plea of "unity," and guarding against "the dismemberment of the empire." The principles of commerce, moreover, pervaded all their thoughts. Everything was valued according to its power of producing money. The cupiditas mercandi et navigandi was the error ac dissipatio civium. This was a nation of shopkeepers, whose statesmen were clerks. Clerks? Nay, worse than clerks; for, by means of daily publications which were eagerly sought after, these clerks spread fallacies abroad, and accustomed the people to amphibologies and to a false use of words, and to a reiteration of words and phrases without meaning. The people were the slaves of fallacies and ambiguities. Men's ideas were different from the realities. Their stores of knowledge were like jars of medicine wrongly labelled.

We know the effect of a fallacy: it gets generally accepted when it is a very small thing, and but slightly different from truth. Then it grows and expands; and corollaries are deduced from it; and the little rills and streamlets of errors flow together, until the fallacy appears, years afterwards in history, as a mighty epoch,—a Revolution, or conflict between truth and shams. Thus it was that the sufficiency of each man's reason was assumed long before Luther, before Arnoldo da Brescia, before Wickliffe; and no one saw that it involved a denial of supernatural religion, and was the hidden root of political anarchy. This invisible choleraic spore poisoned many men before the bloody acts of 1789, and the numerous

wars which have followed that epoch; and before it broadened into Socialism and the International. By that little fallacy, millions of souls have been prematurely sent to Hades.

King Helios, as we have seen, retired in disgust towards his high mountain—the Hill of Melek. Ben-Carnis followed him with a magnificent retinue. When he came up with King Helios and his few simply but well-armed followers, Ben-Carnis prostrated himself, and made every show of submission and even love: "If I can gain him over," said he to himself, "and persuade him to accept and follow my policy, then I shall myself be the real king, as I have hitherto been; and if I fail, then I shall at least merit the gratitude of the nation, by my endeavour to secure for them entire liberty to follow their own fancies and to gratify their desires, and by my effort to retain for them the enjoyment of the luxuries to which they have become accustomed, and which that austere king would forbid." King Helios stood on a grassy mound, under the shade of a tree, to receive Ben-Carnis. He was clad in steel armour and held a lance in his hand, and his long sword was buckled on by a brass chain round his waist. A white cloak hung over his shoulders. bright steel armour reflected the azure of the sky.

He seemed to be clad in sapphire. His helmet was placed on the grass, by his burnished shield; and a long white plume waved from his helmet. His golden locks hung in ample ringlets over his shoulders. His forehead was broad and high, His eye was dark and and white as marble. piercing. His face beamed with benevolence, but revealed no weakness. It showed a capability for sternness and severity. Ben-Carnis had a plump and ruddy face. His evebrows were straight and heavy. His eyes were small, sunk, deep-set, and dark. His mouth was sensual, but yet straight and hard. Haughtiness and cunning were shown in every feature; and malice twinkled in his wicked eye, in spite of every effort to appear benevolent and loving. He was dressed in red satin and gold, while costly jewels reflected the rays of the mid-day sun. An ample cloak of red velvet and gold embroidery hung over his shoulders. His black hair was held together by filets of gold and diamonds. He held in his hand a turban of red cashmere, black velvet, and gold. Having prostrated himself three times, he began a wily oration on the condition of the kingdom, and supplicated the assistance of the King's wisdom to improve it. "The spirit of independence which is abroad," said he, "demands the

gentlest and most cunning treatment; while we must promote the growth of knowledge and the practice of the arts, in order to soften the natural asperity of their manners. By encouraging luxury, we shall both weaken their energies and gain their adherence to our rule. Come, then, and bless the city with your royal presence: make a triumphal entry of royal magnificence, and dazzle all eyes by a fitting splendour." Subrepus and Edoneh seconded their father's arguments; while Aidivni and Hyle looked on in silence—the latter in mere stupid apathy, the former with an ill-disguised scowl of envy and hatred. "You regard the spirit of independence as bad, then?" asked King Helios. "Decidedly: it is the same as a want of respect, and springs from a denial of authority." "For this reason you think that they will spurn my just and lawful rule, unless I purchase a semblance of submission by stimulating and satisfying their desires with various luxuries?" "Precisely," said Ben-"The enjoyment of luxuries injures them, you say, by sapping their natural energies?" asked Helios. "That is my policy." "By purchasing a semblance of submission, I shall still further diminish their respect and undermine my authority. Now learn my policy.

I demand their absolute submission, and yours, to my lawful authority. I must have a real obedience, and no semblance. I call upon them to abjure luxuries, and to practise the self-denial. if not the austerity, which is my own rule of life. As Prime-Minister and ruler in my empire, I call upon you to show the example. On your knees "Never!" screamed before me and swear!" Subrepus, involuntarily clutching his sword in his left hand. "Never," murmured Edoneh, Ari, and Aidivni. Ben-Carnis would have dissembled further had it not been for the loud refusals of his sons. He bowed stiffly and retired, muttering that he himself held the hearts of the people, and would seize the throne which of right belonged to King Helios. As Ben-Carnis and his retinue retired, Ari and Aidivni lagged behind. and plotted the assassination of King Helios, whom they cordially hated.

It was the practice of Helios to rise with the sun; and, having bathed, to prefer his orisons to the Almighty, until his followers had risen, and made ready the morning repast. As Ben-Carnis retired, Ari and Aidivni struck off into the neighbouring woods, and from a distance watched the march of King Helios and his followers. They saw him camp at evening, and then hid themselves

in a thicket, near a river which flowed at a little distance from the camp. Before sunrise, they were on the watch. They soon perceived two men approaching the river where they were set in ambush: but it was still too dark to distinguish a person. Now it happened that Ben-Carnis, while returning, perceived the absence of Ari and Aidivni; and fearing lest their hot and impulsive natures should induce them to take some rash step which would prejudice his cause, he sent Edoneh and Susolug to track, and overtake them. and order them to return. "At all events." thought he, "their indolent and easy natures will deter the others from a rash adventure." daylight they had tracked the footsteps of Ari and Aidivni up to the thicket, and it was they who were now approaching. Ari and Aidivni crouched down until the others had passed, and then rushed out stealthily to stab them from behind. As Susolug, who always preferred his ease, was not in armour, he received a severe wound from Aidivni, and fell, uttering a cry. Ari struck at Edoneh; but the latter had a coat of mail under his cloak, and so escaped. Turning round, and supposing he was assailed by Helios. he drew his weapon, exclaiming: "For our king, Ben-Carnis, and for ourselves!" The two assail-

ants repeated the pass-word, and the brothers recognised each other. They bound up the wound of Susolug, and agreed to carry him to the palace of Edoneh, which was in the forest, beyond the little river. All the way, Susolug groaned, in great pain; and the others frequently laid him down to rest. They went on in silence, which was at last broken by Edoneh. "Why should we take part in this war? We lived at ease and enjoyed ourselves in Amina; why should we not continue to do so?" "Because," said Ari, "Helios will come and take the empire from our father, and we shall all become slaves under the austere rule of Helios." "Then." said Edoneh. "it will be time enough to fight, when we are attacked and have to defend ourselves. Why should we now camp out on rugged heights at night, and endure the fatigues of war by day?" "I can conceive no pleasure greater," said Aidivni, "than crushing Helios for ever. I thirst for revenge." "That will not be so easy," said Edoneh; "the event will at least be doubtful. One thing alone is sure: that we shall have to give up all our pleasures, and endure the hardships of war, for years. If we gain the victory at last, we shall be too old to enjoy ourselves any more; while, if we are beaten, we shall have to endure a slavery all

the harder, and an eternal drudgery." Susolug took no part in the conversation; but his groans and entreaties at last decided the controversy. They determined to enjoy themselves at Edoneh's palace, at all events until Susolug should regain his health and strength; and even when that happy consummation should have been reached, they might prolong their stay and continue their enjoyments there, until the war should be over, and then return to Amina.

On their way they came across a man named Bohu. He was of enormous stature, and strong in body, but apparently weak in mind. Therefore he was called "Bohu the Fool," "Come," said Edoneh, who was tired of his share of the burden. "carry this wounded man to my palace, and you shall be rewarded." "I will do it for pity's sake," said Bohu, lifting up Susolug's fat body as if he were a baby; "but I will not do it for reward. I can find enough hereabouts to keep body and soul together, and I do not care for more." "Your soul is so small," said Aidivni, "that your body does not require much help in keeping hold of it." "Do not anger him," whispered Ari; "you know he is a fool, and what else can you expect from him." Then Edoneh said to Bohu, "You shall live in my palace and serve me; that is the place wherein to spend a happy day; there the golden hours shall fly." "I do not want to spend a happy day," said Bohu, "I would rather keep it; and I do not wish the hours to fly, I would rather make the day longer." At length they arrive at Erucipe, the palace of Edoneh.

Let us leave them there and return to Helios. That morning he had bathed in an icy streamlet which came through his camp from the mountain snows, and then continued his journey to Heliopolis.

Early the next morning Helios went alone into the crowded market-place. It was a large square, which stretched away, on the level, from a high mound, on which the temple was built. architecture of Beth-Shemsh was magnificent. Towers and flying-buttresses cast their broad shadows over the delicate traceries of the arches and mullions; while the glaring sunshine was broken by the many little shadows of the fretted ornaments. One spire rose high above the rest, like a needle, towards the sky, and was surmounted by a gilded cross. The twelve sides of the spire were made of innumerable pieces, and presented the appearance of lace. The grand portal of the temple looked over the market-place. One long flight of broad white marble steps led up to it.

The portal itself consisted of innumerable columns, surmounted by as many arches, one within the other. Statues covered the outer arch; and the most beautiful bass-reliefs formed the entablature inside. Bronze doors, covered with historical and allegorical subjects, always stood open, revealing the glorious coloured lights, and long aisles within, while the sound of falling waters, from the fountain of El Shemsh, issued forth, and might be heard over the whole market-place.

There were other fine buildings on the other sides of the market square. The grand old Townhall occupied the opposite end. It was dark and heavy: but covered with beautiful sculptures. There were also the gorgeous palaces of rich merchants; and the shop-windows which dazzled the eye with the varied and brilliant colours of the wares exposed for sale. The square itself was filled with peasants, men and women, in their beautiful costumes; while mules, with sumptuous trappings, carried panniers full of garden produce. Near the temple steps an old woman kept a fruitstall. Not far from this, King Helios was standing. He had already observed some busy emissaries of Ben-Carnis, moving among the crowd, and eager to gain the people over to his revolt, by promising them wealth and ease and better times;

and by dropping hints and dark calumnies against Helios and his austere rule. Helios was watching them, when he saw, approaching the fruit-stall, with a basket of peaches and grapes upon her head, the beautiful daughter of the old fruit woman. Her name was Yram. She set down her basket and gazed at Helios, but knew not, as yet, who he might be. She was tall, slender, and graceful. Her complexion was very fair, a delicate rosy hue suffused her cheeks. Her eyes were dark, large. and brilliant. Here ample wavy hair hung about her shoulders and fell below her waist. On her head she wore a white turban. Her dress was a light blue and white. As she stood, some men began to murmur against Helios, and calling out his name, they insulted him; and then stooping, they gathered dirt and threw it at him. Yram's face flushed with indignation, and she said, "You stoop for the dirt that you would throw! fools, to believe what those false hireling canvassers tell, you against your King. Look at him! Can you not read his character in his face!" The noise which ensued soon caused the people to run together. Among them were some of the armed followers of King Helios, who had just arrived on the spot. They seized the offenders and wanted to kill them at once, and so crush the insurrection

in the bud. Helios raised his arms and commanded them to desist. "That is what our enemies would do; I am different from them. I have a long life before me, and can afford to be long-suffering. I will pardon. Let them go." Many of the culprits stood abashed and amazed. Then turning on the reptile canvassers of Helios, they exclaimed: "Liars! how could you tell us that his austerity was from spite and ill-will? Better the austere rule of such a king, than the laxity and licence of Ben-Carnis."

That day Helios retired to his camp on Mount Melek, and hoisted the white flag. It was seen from all the wide-stretched plains. His armed followers were few in number. Although there were many, in the towns, who were neutral, and even friendly, yet very few could be persuaded to repair to the high mountain and practise his austerities. Nevertheless it was known that he was ready and able to cure all who would repair to him. A few cripples and blind and sick came to him; but not many healthy men. "In case of a bodily disease," said he, "the patient is aware of it; for the signs and symptoms of the disease are the pains and inconveniences which he suffers. But in spiritual or mental diseases, he who is afflicted with the malady is not aware of it; and

the worse he is, the more he flies from the doctor. As soon as he can be made to see it, he is already half cured. Yet all spiritual and mental diseases may, with diligence and patience and waiting for opportunities, be cured. Such diseases, too, are known by signs and symptoms; but the patient's pride (itself a disease) prevents him from recognising those signs and symptoms; and his vanity (a kindred disease) makes him excuse himself, and hide his disease from the doctor. No one comes to me unless he wishes to be cured, and no one who wishes to be cured will hide his disease from me."

Helios joined his followers in the performance of abject works, for the good of the sick and maimed who came to him; and shrank not from fulfilling the most humble offices for their good. On all, Helios enjoined silence; idle talk, trifling, and the false use of words, he branded as crimes, which could only by severe penance be expiated. Solitude, meditations in the wilderness, and rigorous self-examinations, he commended. Inordinate desires he bade his followers combat, by means of abstinence and various mortifications. "If of two harmless or equally good things you prefer the one, then take the other," said he. His diet was plain and spare. Above all things, he required unquestioning submission and perfect obedience.

Soon after Helios had left Heliopolis, he passed away from the minds of men. They forgot him. He was as if he had never been. Yet some few came to him :--some who had become wearied of their quarrels, and satiated with luxuries. A few more sought him, who had arrived at the conclusion that there was something radically wrong with the kingdom, and that the fundamental principles which had, of late years, been instilled into men's minds, were false. Numerous barbarous and wild tribes from the adjoining mountains, men who had never known luxury, and who had never laboured to acquire false knowledge and to degrade their own minds,—these heard of the "great medicine man," and put themselves under him, and acknowledged him as their Chief.

News was brought to Helios, of a great caravan which was proceeding to Amina, under convoy of the enemy's troops. It comprised a large number of female slaves for the harems of the nobles of that city. At once Helios saw the opportunity which it would offer, for inuring his young troops to war; and he determined to set free the captives. He set out with the intention of intercepting the caravan in the forest, before it should reach Heliopolis. In that forest the road, or rather mule track, threaded a rocky dell, through

which there ran a simpering brook. About the middle of that dell, there was a shady restingplace, much used by travellers. It was a grassy slope, among the trees, which rose to a cavern or grotto in the rock. Water trickled down, like tears, from the roof of the cave, and fell, with a mournful sound, into a well below. Over the cave there was a cross, with an inscription, in the Aryan language, of which this is a translation— Hâc cruce nobis mundum, et nos interfice mundo. The cave had, in bygone times, been the dwelling of a hermit, in a generation long since passed away. Let this cross not surprise the reader. is well known that the cross is found in Chaldean inscriptions, and in Egyptian hieroglyphics; while those Israelites were spared who inhabited houses where the letter tau (i.e., a cross) was marked. (Ezek. ix. 4) The floor of the cave consisted of small white pebbles; the roof and sides were covered with various green ferns and mosses. this resting-place Helios tended, in order to intercept the caravan which was to halt there during the noon-tide heat. To the same place Edoneh and Aidivni and some of their retainers were making, in order that they might be able to select for themselves the best of the female slaves. fore any of these parties arrived. Yram had

entered the cave in order to rest. She had discovered a new plot of Ari and Aidivni to surprise and murder Helios, and was on her way to Mount Melek to divulge the secret, and put Helios on his guard. She arrived at the cave in perfect ignorance of the probable arrival of any one else. While she was reposing, Edoneh and Aidivni entered. They were struck by her exceeding beauty, and agreed to seize her and carry her away captive to Erucipe. As they approached, she attempted to leave the cave: but they sprang forward and seized her by the arms and prepared to bind her. Unable to extricate herself from their grasp, she uttered a shriek of despair. It happened that Edoneh had brought Bohu in his retinue. Bohu recognised the voice, and rushing into the cave, he seized Edoneh and Aidivni and threw them to the earth like children. sprang to their feet and drew their swords, at the same time calling on their followers to help them. Yram threw herself between Bohu and his assailants. Their followers entered, and some of them advanced to seize Yram and bind her, while others attacked Bohu. Suddenly a bugle sounded, and there was a cry that Helios was upon them. Pale with fear, Edoneh and Aidivni fled from the cave, sprang on their horses, and

galloped off, followed by all their retainers except Bohu. Helios entered, with Sutriv, his chief noble and general, in attendance. When Yram had related her story, Sutriv ordered a reward to be given to Bohu. Bohu, expecting to receive money, said: "I am a poor labourer, who works for hire; but I will not sell my life for money, although I freely give it for a fellow-creature." "You are a noble man," said Sutriv, "and, as such, King Helios gives you a command in his army." Yram, too, had her reward, for risking her own life to protect Bohu. She was allowed to obtain her heart's desire—to follow her sovereign's fortunes, and to minister to him throughout his perils.

The caravan, unconscious of danger, was approaching the cave. A sudden attack by Helios, caused the convoy to fly in disorder. The slaves were all set free. The owner of the caravan was a young merchant from Babel, of the name of Surtep. He witnessed, with dismay, the flight both of his followers, whom he had brought up and treated with kindness, and the convoy of Ben-Carnis whom he had paid very highly. "Those parasites care not for me, nor do the soldiers risk their lives for the great cause of Ben-Carnis! Verily, gifts and money and a life of luxury, do

not procure friends nor secure faithfulness." saying he threw himself down on the gravel floor of the cave, and continued his soliloguy. "I have been feasted by the nobles of Amina; I have been caressed by their fine ladies: but if I were to go there now, in my poverty and alone, none of them would care for me; they would turn their backs upon me, and slight me with every indignity! "How could you expect faithfulness in those who have turned against their king?" asked Yram. Surtep was struck with her noble beauty and the simple modesty of her dress. "I have been told," said he, "that they fight against him, and are determined to crush him, because he is a magician and is in league with all the powers of darkness!" "If that were true," said Yram, "the utmost efforts of men would be of no avail; if it is not true, then is their rebellion a crime." Surtep was silent. Yram asked what colour there was for the assertion that Helios was a magi-"Because of the miraculous cures which cian he effects, both physical and spiritual; and because he lives on a mountain apart, and spends most of his time in converse with the powers of the air: and because he eats and drinks little, and permits his followers only the simplest and hardest fare, and is in every respect unlike other men?"

"Why has he effected those miraculous cures? for money?" "No; otherwise I could understand it. He must have some dark reason for doing so." "And whom has he cured? the rich and noble, or the poor and despised?" "The poor and despised. who have nought to give him except the faithful affection which they certainly bear towards him. Of these his army is composed." "You were complaining just now that neither faithfulness nor love are to be found among the followers of Ben-Carnis: Do you think the excessive self-indulgence and the unrestrained luxury, and even the licence in that camp, is in accordance with what we might expect of the followers of the evil one?" "I see it all," said Surtep, as he sprang to his feet; "where is the king? I will fall down before him and be his most faithful follower, in imitating all the actions of his life and fulfilling all the rules of his conduct." Helios was standing behind him, and received him in his arms.

Let us now go to Amina, the capital. Ben-Carnis was devoted to a sorceress called Tolrah. She was so beautiful that nearly all men who saw her fell under her influence, and became her abject slaves. She was clothed in a mantle of scarlet velvet and gold; while her head sparkled with a gorgeous diadem of diamonds and precious stones, and the strings of pearls and diamonds which were twisted up in her long black tresses. Her eyes were deep sunk, dark, and piercing. the keen look of her bright eyes, she was often known to make wild beasts quail, and crouch down to the ground at her feet. Her lips were closely knit, evincing the determination of her character. If it were not for her extreme beauty, and the bewitching smile which she could put on, men would have felt horror at the signs of ferocity in her face. She rode on a bright bay, who was proud of his burden; and when she returned to her palace, a large red flag flaunted the breeze, to proclaim her presence to the awe-struck thousands of the city. She had come to Amina on purpose to espouse the cause of Ben-Carnis; and gave gorgeous banquets and brilliant entertainments, to which she invited men of talent, nobles, wealthy commoners, and beautiful women, whom she desired to get under her influence. As she secured them one by one, she persuaded them to enter into a band or brotherhood, binding themselves with oaths to her, and swearing that they would give their bodies to torture and death if they should reveal any of her secrets, or prove unfaithful to her commands; they also called upon their comrades to execute that vengeance

upon them, on the first sign of their treachery. Tolrah set these men to watch each other, and report to her all that they said or did. Moreover. she inured them to deeds of darkness and of blood. by commanding the backward to commit the most horrible murders of their parents or brothers Tolrah was wise in her policy. or sisters. saw that there was no discipline in Amina, and no virtue of obedience. She therefore substituted terror for obedience and discipline, to bind her followers together, and to secure that her behests should be exactly carried out. She ordained, also, that every soldier who flinched in the hour of danger should, by the most horrible tortures, be put to a lingering death in the market-place. Her tried followers, she promoted to high offices and places of trust; and they alone were permitted to enjoy any honours or rewards. Others she sent out in disguise, as spies, to scour the country and obtain information, and to operate on men's minds, so as to gain them over to her cause. These spies would sometimes simulate a love for King Helios, so as to enter on friendly terms with one of his real followers; and then they would entice him by a course of pleasures if he were self-indulgent, or by ostentation and flattery if he were vain. They would drop sweet words of praise.

and lull him in the soft lap of adulation; while the true followers of Helios never flattered and often censured. Thus he was lured by them to join their party, and range himself under the red banner of Tolrah the sorceress. How different from Helios, who stripped every recruit, and reduced him to poverty; and enforced self-denials and humiliations, and frugal habits of life! different, from their round of pleasures and excitements, was the banishment for meditation, in solitude and the wilderness, which Helios enjoined! How different was the teaching of Helios, that the arms and possessions which he gave them, were not their own; but were only lent to them, and entrusted for the advancement of his cause!

Let us return to our narrative. To avoid the horrors of war, Helios determined to enter Amina as a poor peasant, and see if he could gain the people over by persuasion and kindness. Poorly clad, he entered in silence and night, accompanied by Sutriv and Bohu. At midnight they paced the great square. Along the shadow of the houses they went, and heard the clock-tower peel out its single melancholy boom. On the flagstones they rested until sunrise. As the country people entered with their provisions for the market, he addressed them one by one. Some

passed by in scorn; others stopped for a moment to listen, and then went on to the market. Some few, only, had their attention arrested. To these he showed that he was their king; and, enlisting their sympathies, he formed them into a holy brotherhood, ordering them to repair to the Fountain of El Shemsh to vow fidelity, and thence to his Mount Melek to prepare themselves for war.

King Helios had not been three days in Amina, before he was betraved. An immense concourse of people ran together in the market-place. A riot ensued; and Helios was seized, and beaten, and put to the torture, and then tied to a tree. All this time he endured pangs without a word of complaint, and suffered under their barbarian hands without permitting a murmur to escape his His conduct drew forth involuntary ejaculations of eulogy from some of his enemies. Twillight came; and, the ebullition having somewhat subsided, the people felt hungry and wished to have a grand banquet in the market-place, in mutual congratulations on what they considered to be the happy termination of the war. Some proposed one thing, and some another; some were for killing King Helios at once, and some were for prolonging his tortures until the morning; while the timid ones proposed a middle course—banishment, or at least perpetual imprisonment in a dark dungeon. While the argument was noisiest, and every one's attention was distracted, Bohu arrived from another part of the town, and, unobserved, cut the ropes that bound King Helios to the tree. Quietly, King Helios and he moved away among the crowd (for every one was so intent upon the debate, or rather wrangle, that no one ascertained that the subject of the squabble had passed away). Leisurely they walked, Sutriv meeting and accompanying them.

As they passed out of one of the gates of the town, they met a peasant coming in. He had not heard of the proceedings of the day. As he recognised Bohu, King Helios and Sutriv hastened on, while Bohu remained to attract the peasant's attention. "You are Bohu the Fool?" "I am so called by the sapient puzzle-pates who do not know me; by others I am called the friend of King Helios." "Ah! you come from the Mount Melek? what news? what do they say there?" "They say their prayers," said Bohu, "I mean. what do you hear there?" asked the peasant. "The bell which calls to worship." "No; but what . new thing?" "I have nothing new, only the old things; but you, I perceive, have new potatoes." So saying Bohu hastened after Helios. Helios,

Bohu could not find. Helios had disappeared, and Bohu did not see him until the morning of the third day, when he passed the river and reached Mount Melck, the holy mountain.

The debate in Amina raged for some time, and many smart things were said. At last it was decided that a banquet, and various enjoyments, should be provided; while it was agreed that, on the point in dispute, every one should hold his own opinion. At once newspapers were published, in which the people were bid to admire the extreme wisdom of the Forum, which, out of so many discordant notions, had been able to evolve some point of agreement. The people read the newspapers, and eat and drank and rejoiced over their own wisdom; when a curious correspondent proposed to go and look at King Helios, in order that he might the better describe, in the forthcoming number of the morning paper, the tortured looks of their unoffending sovereign. King Helios had escaped! There was news! Ben-Carnis ordered the Rappel to be sounded, and all the troops collected, for a pursuit. All that day and the next night nothing was heard but drums and trumpets, oaths and drinking songs, harsh words of command and harsher sounds of insubordination. The army was in a state of evolt: every

one had his own opinion as to what should be done, and every one wanted to lead in some important command. Angry debates arose; opinions were loudly expressed and as loudly scoffed at. Some swore; others laid down their arms and flatly refused to obey. How different from King Helios's small army! There he commands; and it is enough to know that he has commanded. for all to obey. His army is like a living machine, or intricate clockwork, where each part carries out the order, by the application of its own unerring intelligence to the circumstances which surround it, and the obstacles which oppose. In the army of Ben-Carnis, a very different spirit prevailed: insubordination, disobedience, desire for pre-eminence, infected all, both high and low. It needed all the power of Tolrah the sorceress, and her sworn followers, to form an army. Few, indeed, except her followers, would agree to march; and most of those did so merely because they feared to refuse.

The armies were drawn up face to face. On the holy mountain of Melek, a little way back from the river, stood the archers of King Helios. Their uniform was white; and they had white turbans on their heads, and long bows in their hands, and long swords girt round their waists. The cavalry of Helios were on the other side of the river, in the plain. Their uniform was blue; but they wore bright steel cuirasses and breast-plates, and bright helmets on their heads. They held long spears in their hands; while long bright swords flashed at their sides. King Helios himself was at their head, with Sutriv by his side. Some of the cavalry murmured among themselves, and said that, "they would be utterly lost if beaten, as the broad river was behind them; while the archers could be of no use, until the enemy tried to cross the river." Bohu reminded them that no less than King Helios had made his own disposition of his troops, and he must know best; "and remember," said he, "the sheep which stops to ba-ah will lose its share of turnips."

Daylight now approaches. A dark cloud seems to envelope all the mountain. Much rain has fallen in the night, and the river is greatly swollen. But the troops of Ben-Carnis were kept dry, under tents, and were well fed and clothed. There are his archers! drawn up in line in their gay uniforms,—red jackets, yellow trousers, and black caps with golden bands. The enemy's cavalry have brazen cuirasses which shine like gold. Their dresses are scarlet. Black cloaks float behind their backs as they charge, while the red and black feathers stream out of their brazen helmets.

The sun rises red, and the river, reflecting his slanting beams, looks ensanguined—like blood. The battle is now imminent. Sutrep points out to King Helios, the vast numbers of the enemy. "Yes," said the King; "we have not got to count, but to conquer," and he ordered a charge. The shock is great; and the troops of Ben-Carnis seem about to give way. No! they rally. They turn and rally fiercely. The battle now rages between the Royal and Marad* cavalry on the whole plain. The cavalry of King Helios begins to give way. It seems as if all is lost! Some of his men lose heart and flee to the forest: some, alas! surrender to the enemy and take service with the Marads, under Ben-Carnis. King Helios, with a chosen band, now approached a wooded hill or knoll. where there is a crystal well of water. It is not far from the part of the river where his archers are placed. The knoll is surrounded by the meadowed plain. In the plain the grass is long,reaching far above the horses' knees,—and quite dried by the summer's sun. He enters the wood upon the knoll, and finds Yram with a swordwound in her breast. She had come out of Heliopolis, for fear lest King Helios should be wounded in the battle, and desiring to tend him.

^{*} Marad means rebel; hence: Marauder.

Springing from his horse King Helios fetches her some water in his helmet, and gives her some bread which he had with him, and she revives. Then, mounting his horse, he orders Sutriv and Boliu to lift her up into his arms. The trumpet now sounds for retreat, while the King hastily gives an order to Bohu, and dashes towards the river. The sun is setting. The sky is red, and again the river is as blood. As his thousands of horsemen gallop towards the ford, their burnished armour looks red, and their garments appear dyed in blood. They pass the broad river and take refuge behind the archers. Ben-Carnis orders a pursuit, and a million horsemen in brazen helmets dash towards the river, flushed with victory, while his archers also advance. At once. behind the army of Ben-Carnis, a fire breaks out in the long grass, and spreads almost with the rapidity of lightning. The flames rise up, and the smoke darkens the sky. Bohu is seen galloping from the newly-kindled flames towards the river. Leaping in, he swims across, and gains the other bank in safety. The astounded cavalry of Ben-Carnis have to choose between fire and water. In terror they fly hither and thither, not knowing what to do. Some dash into the river, and the bowmen shoot them down. The archers of BenCarnis are ordered to advance and pass the river; but their bowstrings are relaxed by the water, and they are helplessly shot down as they gain the other bank.

During her passage of the river, Yram's wound was healed. There now she stands in white, on the mountain-side, as a great star shines out, and sheds its rays upon her. The flames now encircle all the army of Ben-Carnis. Madly dashing forward from the flames, Ben-Carnis and his sons are seen, accompanied by the panic-stricken sorceress herself on her bright bay horse. They aim at the wooded knoll. They enter. Their jaded horses refuse to stir. Soon the pinetrees are alight and crackle in the flames.

The sun rose bright the next morning. The plain was one black and charred expanse, with no object, living or mute, to arrest the eye. Ben-Carnis, and the whole army of the Marads, has disappeared. The moon, not yet set, hangs over the Holy Mountain; the psalm of thanksgiving rolls along the morning sky, and is re-echoed from the adjoining mountains. Helios stands in white, with a golden crown upon his head, and is hailed by all as King.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

A GALLANT ship was labouring in the storm. The waves ran mountains high. Each wave came roaring and tumbling on, with its white crest pouring over, like the shaking wig of an angry chancellor. It seemed as if it were about to swallow up the gallant ship in its tons of water. But the ship rose over it, receiving a' cataract of foam as it reached the top. Then it sank quickly on the other side, and every timber quaked and shivered, while the wind screamed and whistled past the cordage. So fast the ship descended, that it seemed as if the planks of the deck were sinking from under your feet. In the waist of the ship, stood two brothers lack and Harry. They spoke of the bright home they had left in England; they heard the uproar of the gale; they looked wistfully through the darkness, as each white crest gleamed high up, just in front of them. Such a tempest they had never seen before.

The night became more dark, and the wind more high. Presently Jack said, "I hear the sound of breakers!" They peered anxiously through the darkness, but could see nothing. They listened again, and again, and again. do," said Harry; "I hear the roar of the surf on a shore under our lee; run and tell the Captain." Jack staggered aft a little way, when the ship struck with a force that shook every timber. At once she was on her beam ends, and a loud high comber poured its waters over her. Harry was washed off and carried with fearful rapidity towards the shore. He could see a dark mass before him, and the white foam washing up it. Bruised and battered he clung to a jutting piece of sharp basalt. The wave retired. He held on uncertain what to do. He looked round; and all was dark. Another roar of a breaking wave. He was snatched from his hold, and rolled still higher up the shelving rock. Again he clung to the first projection which his hand could feel. As soon as the wash had been sucked back to the sea, he begun to clamber, and stumble, and crawl a little higher. He succeeded in getting out of reach of the water. It was too dark to see anything; his only chance was to remain where he was. There he lay; bleeding, bruised,

and cold. The dull grev morning broke. The clouds were racing over the sky. The sea was a dark indigo, nearly covered with a creamy foam. Long rollers thundered on the black basaltic rocks. No ship was to be seen. No vestiges of the wreck were floating about. Harry was on a barren rock, and nothing was to be seen but sea and sky. Stiff and aching, he crawled to the top. The sun had risen, and sent its level beams across the sea. The tops of the waves looked clear like crysolite. The foam was like gold in the morning sun; the spray, which blew over the sea like dust, shone with all the colours of the rainbow. Harry looked the other way over the top of the rock. He was distant about half a mile from a long shelving shore of golden sand. Beyond it he could see innumerable sandhills rising higher and higher, as they were further in-shore. A long ridge of sand-hills seemed to stretch away for miles inland, rising ever higher as it was farther from sea. Beyond all this sandy waste-the lumber of an old sea-floorhe could see, in the extreme distance, long stretches of fertile country, and waves of fertile woods, all green and gold in the morning sun; while their blue shadows invited him, with cool and refreshing hues. Beyond these there slept

huge mountain peaks, dim, cerulean, in the distance. Sea-birds were swimming, in air, around and around over head, and ever and anon they dipped into the waters between the rock and shore. Not a human habitation was to be seen. The rock was barren stone. He shouted with all his might. There was no answer. He wearied the sleepy echoes with his cries; and they alone answered with faintest whisper. At last he determined to crawl down the other side of the rock, and look for shellfish in the waters on that calmer side. He found a few mussels, whose shells he cracked, and he ate. Clambering along, he saw a sheltered sandy nook, just inside one of the jutting points of the rock. The water there was calm; it was clear and deep. The bright seaweeds and silvery fishes could be seen at the bottom. Near the mouth of this little bay there rolled, and lazily swayed to and fro, a bit of broken mast. On the sand a man was lying. Was he asleep? or was he dead? Harry clambered over the rocks, and down to the sand, and found Jack not dead, but fast asleep. He had spent a night on the broken spar, and been washed round the point of the rock, to the lee side, as morning dawned; and then he swam into the sandy cave, and soon fell fast asleep.

Harry and Jack discuss their position and the chances of release. Not a vessel was to be seen in the offing. Jack remembered that he had heard the captain remark that he had diverged from the usual track of vessels; so that there was no probability of any vessel passing near their rock. "Neither is it likely that any fishing-boat or canoe will come within hail," said Harry, " for the opposite country is evidently uninhabited." "We certainly cannot live here," said Jack, "for there is nothing to eat; besides, we have no shelter, and the autumn will soon be past." For a little thev were both silent. They thought, perhaps, of eating each other; but they both saw that no permanent improvement in their situation could thereby accrue. At last Jack broke silence: "There is nothing for it but to try a long swim to the opposite shore; at the worst the choice lies between drowning and starving; and drowning is the better of the two." "I am far too sore and battered and stiff to swim twenty yards," said Harry; "but you seem hearty enough: suppose that you swim ashore; and then, if you can get a boat. come to me; if not, travel across the sandhills to look for help, and light a fire at the highest top for a sign that I also should cross as soon as I shall be able." Iack at once plunged in, and after a

hard swim he reached the sandy shore. Harry watched him as he walked across the strand, and as he laboured up the sandhills to the long sandy ridge. He saw him trying to keep the ridge: and he could distinctly perceive (for the air was remarkably clear), that he every now and then made a false step to the one side or the other of the ridge, and slipped down, and then had to labour up again. At last twilight closed in, and Harry could see Jack no longer. Yet Jack travelled on along his ridge, and reached the highest point. He found that it ended in a steep precipitous rock. which overhung a broad dark river. So Jack collected dried grass, and shrubs, and lit the promised bonfire, and lay down to sleep until the morning.

At sunrise Jack rose to survey his position. There was the long ridge of sand behind him. Before him, there was a broad, rapid river, dark as a highland stream which has run off the moors. The flood of this river ran in swirls and eddies and whirlpools; for it was deep as well as rapid. No man could swim it. Fortunately for Jack, however, he saw a high rock in the stream, to which there stretched a trunk of the gigantic Wellingtonia tree, from the cliff on which he was standing. From that rock another trunk stretched to another rock beyond mid-stream;

and from the latter rock another reached to the opposite fertile shore. "If I can only keep my head steady," thought Jack, "I may be able to walk along those trunks; it would be easier to keep my footing on those trunks of trees than it was on the sandy ridge, if only I were not so weak and faint from want of food." He approached the end of the trunk, and found a cross on the top of a cairn of stones. Underneath the cross was a scroll, on which was written: "Pastor bone, panis vere! Jesu nostri miserere!"

Stone after stone of the cairn he removed, until he came to a casket, on which he found engraved. "Cœlestem cibum et panem angelorum do ad manducandum,-me ipsum, panem vivum qui de cœlo descendi, do, vitam mundo." Opening the casket he found bread, and ate and was strengthened. He replaced the box; and then piled stone on stone as he found it, and proceeded on his perilous walk, at that giddy height, along the trunk of the tree, over that boiling and seething flood. He looked not down on the river; he cast not a glance around; but fixed his eyes straight before him on the trunk of the tree and the firm. rock beyond; and so he passed fearlessly across the fearful chasm, on the three trunks of trees which formed the only bridge.

As Jack left the trunk on the other side of the river, he felt amply repaid for the difficulties and labours of his sandy walk, and the terrors of his passage over the dark river. He trod on a velvety carpet of soft verdure, while balmy airs, laden with the perfumes of innumerable flowers, fanned his fevered cheeks. Around his feet, and far as eve could reach, there bloomed the most exquisite blossoms; and the booming of bees, as they flew from flower to flower, made a lulling music in the Tall trees, with spreading boughs and ample foliage, overarched his path; and birds of resplendent plumage swooped from branch to branch. Gay butterflies and humming-birds crossed his path. The murmur of waterfalls arrested his ear: and he watched the babbling brooks in which there sported every kind of fish. The distance melted gradually into azure, and the high mountains and snow-clad peaks, invited him to explore. Amid the wide expanse of forest and garden, he could see lofty spires of white marble and shining alabaster, and gilded minarets which robbed the sun of his brightness. Glimpses of a broad river shone like silver and gold, as it wound through the city, with its bridges of large spanning arches, and gorgeous palaces of snowy white, on either hand. The swelling and waning cadences of the

distant chimes were borne on the summer breezes. His whole soul was entranced. His every sense was ravished.

Let us return to Harry. He watched the sandy waste till nightfall; and then he saw the red glow of the fire which Jack had lit-the beacon-fire which was to call him to follow. Harry plunged into the sea when morning dawned. With difficulty he breasted the waves, and spurned the water with his arms, until he reached the shelving shore of golden sand. He followed the footprints which Jack had left slowly, and heavily, until he reached the ridge of sand. Jack's footsteps had often slipped from the ridge; but Harry's always declined still more, before he endeavoured to return to the top. Sometimes he would espy a beautiful shell a little lower down, and would descend to pick it up. The trudge back up the sandhill to the ridge was heavy and laboursome: for the sand was dry and loose, and his feet sank far in, and slipped back at every step. When he reached the top, all panting and out of breath, he stopped a little to rest and look around. Anon he saw a bright flower blooming below in the little valley between his ridge and another sandhill, and he ran down and plucked it. The sand in the valley is harder; his feet do not sink in so

much; and being nearly level, his steps do not slip back. Nay, all the valleys incline gently downwards, until they end in a wettish swampy place, where they are closed by a shoulder of loose sand, which is, however, not nearly so high as the top of the ridge. Besides, there is a little grass—a long kind of dry grass called "bent"—in the valleys, and none on the ridge. should I not walk along the valleys and gather pretty shells and sweet flowers?-no; I had better follow Jack's footsteps." Again he labours up the steep hill of yielding sand, to gain the ridge. His feet slip back, at every step, almost as much as he puts them forward; and he sinks into the loose sand, above the ankles. breathless, hot, and tired, he gains the ridge, and lies down to rest. "The valleys are pleasanter. -much pleasanter; and they are easier to walk in: I can keep the same direction in them as on the ridge. And oh! those beautiful shells at every step, and those lovely flowers which smell so sweet! I will run down to them." He rises and stands undecided. He looks around. There is the long sand-ridge which winds about, like a huge serpent, and rises ever higher, as far as eve can reach. Around him there heaves a vast expanse of sandhills, like waves on the Biscavan bay: large rollers of sand. Sand. sand. sand: dry sand, with no tint of green except in the valleys. As for the far-off country, the mist which has risen, as the sun grew hot, and the day advanced, has hung like a veil of gauze between him and it: and he can see it only in a dream, as it were, so dim and unreal it appears. As he stands, turning round, and looking hither and thither, his foot slips off the ridge; and before he can regain his balance, he is half-way down the sandhill. indecision is at an end. "It is my destiny to travel along the ways of pleasantness: I am not made to labour along the topmost ridge." He descends to the bottom, and saunters along the valley, picking up the most beautiful and valuable shells, and plucking the flowers which please him most. He fills his pockets and the bosom of his serge jersey with shells, and then he collects a hundle in his handkerchief. As he gets to the end of each valley, he stoops at the swampy place and tries to drink; for, by the heat and labour, he is parched. But the water is bad and brackish. Then he has to climb over the shoulder of loose sand, which separates him from the head of the next valley. This is a worse labour than climbing to the ridge, for the sand is looser, and the hill steeper; but it is not nearly so

high. So he wanders on till nightfall, when he reaches the great black river,—a long way from the bridge,—out of sight of the bridge, as a jutting promontory intervenes. He is tired out and hungry and weak. There is nothing to eat. He pulls up a few roots and chews them; but they make him feel sick and ill. While looking for roots, he sees large adders, which glide silently away, and then turn round and fix their bright glaring eyes on him, and shoot out their forked tongues and hiss. As darkness closes, he hears the roarings and moans of wild beasts, who are roaming near him. He is horribly afraid, and cannot sleep nor rest. There is no shelter near. -not even a tree to climb. He wishes for the morning. Oh! how he wishes for the morning. He feels that he cannot remain where he is; and vet it is still too dark to move. He resolves to plunge into the river and swim across, as soon as morning dawns.

The sun bursts out above the horizon. The sloping meadows on the other side and the high trees are green and golden in the sun, and their shadows are azure and purple. Oh! that he were there to pluck some of that luscious fruit off from the trees! He feels that he must plunge into the eddies and whirlpools of that dark, broad, and

rapid river. Yet can he swim with his bundle of shells, and the treasures in his pockets? He cannot make up his mind to throw away all those pretty shells, and those lovely flowers, although the flowers have already begun to fade, and some of the shells are cracked and chipped. So he makes the bundle fast on to his back, and plunges into the whirling waters. He struggles hard to keep his chin above the dark waters; he strikes out, and tries to breast the stream. reaches a little distance from the shore, when he catches a glimpse of the long threefold bridge across the dark and rapid river. He turns and endeavours to gain the shore again, in order that he may reach the bridge and cross the river there. But the rush of the cruel current has caught him and sweeps him away, and whirls him round in its eddies, until he is quite giddy and exhausted. and sinks, with bubbling groan, into its dark, unknown depths; and no one prays for him, and no one remembers him more.

THE GREAT BENEFACTOR'S REWARD —INGRATITUDE AND ENMITY.

THE March wind was blowing keen and cold through London, and howling round the corners of the streets, while the sky was clear overhead. and the stars shone brightly. A little boy of six years old was standing shivering on the pavement by the railings of Belgrave Square. He was weak and slender, and his little legs tottered as he walked, from want of food. He had on a coarse shirt, open over his chest, and a pair of trousers all ravelled and torn below, and not reaching much below his knees, while many large rents let in the wind. Over his shoulders he held part of an old sack. His eyes were large and bright; his forehead was high, his cheeks wan and hollow, and he was very dirty. Yet he had an intelligent and well-bred look. He was a foundling. Having no home, he had wandered along the streets at night, and stopped in Belgrave Square, opposite a large house which was

brilliantly lighted. A great number of carriages were waiting; and the footmen, in long greatcoats, were bringing pots of frothy porter to the coachmen, and stopping to talk scandal near the awning which stretched from the door of the The little boy wanted to stop there too, but the policemen had driven him away. So he crossed over to the railings. He was in comparative darkness, for the gas-lights were blown by the wind, and wavered and struggled for very He sat and watched the bright lights existence. in the windows, and saw gentlemen and ladies moving about; and he heard the sounds of music, and wondered what they were doing. thought how warm they must be inside. Perhaps they have plenty to eat and drink: "If they only knew how weak and hungry I am, they might give me a little bread, or a warm coat to keep out the wind." It was past two o'clock in the morning, and many gay ladies had come out, wrapped up warmly in their fur cloaks, and their carriages had rolled away. A gentleman now came out, and looking up at the sky for a moment, he descended the steps and crossed over to the railings of the square on his way home. The little boy saw at a glance his fine, open, hearty face. Wrapped up in a warm cloak, he

looked a good-natured giant. He crossed over to the spot where the little boy was crouching and shivering. "Hulloa, younker! what are you doing here so late on this cold night?" The little boy, thinking he was to be chased away again, made no answer, but slowly rose. "What is your name?" "They call me Whabbles, sir." "Whabbles? That is a funny name. What is your father's name?" "I ain't got no father; never had." "Well. your mother's name?" "Never had no mother, sir." "No mother? then you must have grown, like a mushroom, out of the ground." "Yes, sir." "Why do they call vou Whabbles?" "Because I am weak-kneed."

The Marquis put his hand into his pocket. The boy looked up, and his eyes glistened. "If I give you a shilling what will you do with it." "Get some bread; I have had nothing to eat all day." As they spoke, the Marquis was walking on, and the little boy shambled by his side. "Get along, will you," said the gruff hoarse voice of a policeman, as he seized the boy by the neck, and was preparing to kick him. "Stop, policeman!" said the Marquis; "I am taking the boy home with me." The policeman hurriedly and slightly touched his hat, muttering to himself, "The gen'leman must be a fool."

The Marquis was at his own door, and ordered the hall-porter to lead the child downstairs and put him to bed, and have him washed in the morning and fed, and then brought up to him. The expression of the hall-porter revealed his disgust. Slowly he went downstairs. Whabbles did not feel inclined to follow, and was about to cling to his protector, when the Marquis said: "Follow him; he will take care of you." "Take care of him, indeed!" growled the hall-porter to himself: "master must be mad, to bring home dirty naked boys off the street to feed and clothe: it would be much better to let that sort die in the gutter; they will rob him, and that's the thanks he'll get. Now if he brought home some fine Newfoundland dog, or a little terrier, or the like. I could understand it; but the like o' these! Ugh!" and he gave the boy a kick. porter then threw down a cocoa mat, on the passage; and gave the boy a skin hearthrug, out of the housekeeper's room, to cover himself, and a stale crust of bread to eat. The boy's eyes filled with tears; he was so thankful. "How warm it is!" said he.

The next morning there were symptoms of rebellion among the servants. What right, asked they, had their master to bring a wretched, dirty, little half-starved rat into their portion of the house? If he must feed him, let it be upstairs; but as for themselves, they would not let him into any of their rooms; he must gnaw his crust in the passage. Nor yet would any one of them wash him; and if their master ordered it, they would all at once give warning. Edwardes, the butler.—a very plausible, but a malicious and spiteful man,—was the loudest in complaint, and most active in stirring up the other servants against the poor little Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper,—a intruder. fat, homely, kindly person,—tried, in her lazy good-nature, to take his part: "I do not see why Thomas should not wash him; he washes my lady's spaniels." Thomas was indignant at the suggestion. "Hi wash a dirty brat out of the Never! Hi washes the spanells 'cause hize engaged for it, and my wages depends on it; but never, come judgment day, will hi wash a beggar; no, not if I was paid for it." "That is right," said Edwardes; "respect verself and hothers will respect ye." So saying the servants sat down to breakfast, the page and under-butler waiting upon the others. There was plenty of new bread, some rabbit currie, boiled eggs, grilled kidneys, cold beef, muffins, tea and coffee, jams and honey. No one seemed to think of poor Whabbles, till Mrs.

Thompson beckoned to the page, and handing him a roll and a thick slice of cold beef, told him, in a whisper, to take it out to the poor boy in the passage, and to give him also a cup of tea. The page turned to the butler to remonstrate, but Mrs. Thompson stopped him by saying, "Do; that is a good boy; and I will not tell my lord about your stealing that box of cigars, out of his study, for Mr. Edwardes." The servants' breakfast was at eight o'clock, as soon as they came down stairs. The upper servants, it is true, were taken a cup of tea before they rose. At eleven o'clock, they had luncheon of cold meat, cheese, bread and ale, together with plenty of pickles and sauces. At one o'clock, their dinner was served. The upper servants had joints and entrées, and puddings and tarts, together with port, sherry, and champagne, some high-priced claret after dinner, and then coffee. At four, they had tea, with muffins and cake. At eight o'clock, they had hot supper and mulled wine. At eleven o'clock, they had hot grog and biscuits before going to bed. These were the servants who, surreptitiously feeding so high at their master's expense, begrudged poor Whabbles a crust.

At half-past eleven, the Marquis rang for his breakfast. When he had been served, the foot-

man left the room, but the butler remained. Edwardes had not been long in his lordship's service: but Mrs. Thompson was an old and valued servant. Edwardes, therefore, determined not to put forward the complaint in his own name. "Has that poor boy been washed and fed, Edwardes?" asked the Marquis. "'E 'as 'ad something to heat, my lord; but hi found hi could not persuade hany of the servants to wash him. Hi ope your lordship will regard what hi say hin confidence, has it don't do to be a tell-tale: but Mrs. Thompson, hand hall the other servants seys they will give notice, hunless the poor child his sent out of the ouse; and seeing has er ladyship's hill in bed, hi thought it better to say as much to your lordship." "Did Mrs. Thompson sav she would leave?" asked the Marquis. "Yes, your lordship; but hi ope you will not mention it; hi should be sorry of any disagreement." "I will not repeat what you have told me; but I am very much grieved and surprised to hear it." Just then the footman entered and said that two Sisters of Charity were at the door, and particularly wished to see his lordship. "I am engaged," said the Marquis sharply; and then he added, "Upon second thoughts, I wish to see them; show them in; and, Edwardes, leave the

room." They were shown in. Two sisters, one old and the other young, in their large white butterfly caps, and their coarse, bluish gray dresses, with rosaries round their waists, and large crucifixes hanging down at their sides. "We have come to ask a small donation for our poorschool," said the elder sister of St. Vincent de Paul, "Last night I found a poor little boy, shivering in the street," said the Marquis, not heeding their request, "and the servants are in rebellion: and I cannot get him washed or dressed; what can I get done for the poor child?" "We shall be glad to take him," said the elder sister. The Marquis paused; and the elder sister added: "We often find poor children and get them to come to us for a night's lodging." "Then, who pays you?" asked the Marquis musingly. "No one; no one ever pays us." "Why do you do it, then?" asked the Marquis. "We prefer to receive no reward," added the elder sister. "You do it for pure charity?" "For more than that," suddenly ejaculated the younger sister, while the elder cast at her a look of rebuke. "I do not understand you," said the Marquis, addressing the younger sister; "of what good can it be to you to catch dirty, little, ragged urchins, and give them food and lodging, unless indeed you do it from a feeling of charity?" "Such children have probably never been baptized," the elder sister said slowly and hesitatingly. "And you get them baptized? you want to make converts, I suppose?" asked the Marquis. "No: we let them go the next morning, after they are baptized, if thev like; and perhaps we never see them again," replied the younger sister. "Then I cannot make you out," said the Marquis. "To save a soul," said the elder sister, "we reckon far better than to find the largest diamond that ever was seen." The Marquis was lost in thought; then he said: "At all events, you will take him, and get him a suit of clothes, and as soon as I have made my arrangements I will call. Where shall I find you?" "In Carlisle Place, Victoria Street." The Marquis rang the bell: "Bring up Whabbles, and then open the door for these ladies."

In a few days, the Marquis had made arrangements for Whabbles—now called John Trover—to go to his castle in Northamptonshire, where John was to live in the Marquis's house and attend school every day. John Trover proved to be a very clever and intelligent lad; and being very diligent at his studies, he rapidly made a considerable progress. Every year, when the Marquis and Marchioness went to London, John Trover accompanied them for a holiday, and the Marquis took him to see his "mothers," as he playfully styled them. At other times, John was allowed to play with the Marquis's children in the park, and became a general favourite. At fourteen years of age, he was made a page, but still retained his own room, and was allowed every facility for prosecuting his studies, a permission of which he was not slow to avail himself. But the kindness which he always met with, caused much jealousy in the household, and raised up many secret enemies against him.

Between three and four years afterwards, John Trover had developed into a fine, strong, healthy lad, with curly black hair, very dark eyes, thick black eyebrows, and an Italian colour and caste of countenance. It happened about this time that the agent to the Marquis's estates wanted a clerk, his former clerk having died. It was a very comfortable place at £100 a year, and had many advantages connected with it. John Trover set his heart upon it; and as he was an excellent accountant and wrote a good hand, he considered himself fully qualified for the place. John, therefore, begged Lady Flora to ask her father to give it to him. Lady Flora, who was always overflowing with good-nature, readily consented to do so.

It never occurred to her that John's real aim was to get out of the servant's place which he occupied in his benefactor's family, in order that he might aspire to Lady Flora's hand. The next day the Marquis met John and said, "My daughter asked me to give you the clerk's place in my agent's office. You are certainly admirably qualified for it, and I think my uniform kindness to you is warrant enough of my good intentions; but you, of course, do not expect to get everything; and it happens that there is an orphan for whom I am very anxious to do something; so that I shall give it to Giuseppe Armelini, an Italian lad, one or two years older than you are." John Trover said nothing; but the blood rushed to his heart, and then to his head, as he turned away; and his face became pale; and his teeth were clenched. He felt envy, one of the first springs of hatred. In a moment he forgot that he had no claim whatever on the Marquis; but that the Marquis had every claim upon him, having saved him from starvation, having (so to speak) given him his being, having educated and cared for him until now. All the Marquis's kind acts faded from his memory, and he vowed revenge for what he deemed a slight and an injustice. "Giuseppe Armelini!" said he, "who can he be? Some

wretched Italian foundling, perhaps; some cunning hypocrite, who will basely betray his master." Day by day he was gloomy; and night after night he lay awake, brooding over his supposed wrongs. and plotting how he might compass revenge; until at last the thought obtained complete possession of him, and absolute mastery over his It was a species of madness, which sapped his energies and injured his intellect. This one thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night, absorbed his whole mind, and made him wretched. It was a dread tyrant, from which he longed to escape but could not. He tried to turn away from it. It was perpetually returning. The impudent brain-fly buzzed about him. If he had only known that it is always useless to turn away from a tyrant thought, and that the only chance is to face it boldly, to look at it, and measure, and weigh it, he would have seen that it had no real existence, and was only a terrible phantom, would have said to himself: "After all, I have no claim for anything; I have nothing but what I have received from the Marquis: he might have left me to starve, and I could not have complained; I ought then to bear him an eternal gratitude." He did not do this; and he made himself miserable as the slave of a fearful phantom.

One day he sought Lady Flora; and he began to warn her against Armelini, inventing numerous calumnies against him. Lady Flora at first stared in a confused manner, then she laughed, and said she was sure that Trover was mistaken. Trover persisted in his stories. "Well, I will be on my guard," said she, "and as a great friend of mine is coming to-day, I will consult him." "Who is that friend?" asked Trover eagerly, his eye again flashing, and his hand involuntarily clenching. "What is that to you?—but I do not mind telling you; it is Lord Mayflower," said Lady Flora, considerably frightened. Or did that flush rise in her face from some other cause? She turned away as she uttered the words. Again Trover clenched his teeth, and every sinew in his body seemed to contract, while the blood rushed in a volume from his heart to his head; and his finger-nails were dug into the palms of his hands, so tightly did he clench his fists at the new phantasm which rose before him. That evening, Lord Mayflower arrived. Lady Flora ran out into the porch to greet him; she had evidently been eagerly watching for him. John Trover saw the meeting. "That his Lady Flora's new 'usband," said Edwardes in a whisper. Those words were daggers in John Trover's heart. He inwardly vowed revenge. His face grew pale, and his lips quivered.

It was a beautiful summer's evening. Armelini had gone out for a stroll in the park, and was watching the deer, who were lazily browsing under the oaks and chestnuts. The Agent had been suddenly called away, by the serious illness of his sister, and Armelini had been told to receive the rents the day but one after. save time, he had prepared the receipts. John Trover had seen him put them in his office-desk. "The lock is not a difficult one to pick," thought Trover, as he went to the office. He had brought in his pocket a key, which succeeded in passing. Some of the receipts he enclosed in their envelopes, and posted them, saying to himself: "This will at least cast discredit on Armelini's business habits." Some loose cash, in the same place, he did not touch: "If I were to touch it, then Armelini would escape suspicion; they would say that some thief had done it.-Now for my revenge on the Marquis, and a dire retribution on Lord Mayflower."

When the whole household had been in bed some hours, John Trover crept stealthily up to Lord Mayflower's room. He listened at the door, and heard his Lordship snoring. He then

took off his slippers, and put them in the pocket of his coat, and noiselessly opened the door. He groped his way to the bed, and stooping down he struck a match and set the curtains on fire. The blaze ran up the muslin, quicker than he had expected; and the sudden light woke Lord Mayflower, who uttered a cry, between sleeping and waking. John Trover rushed out of the room. along the passage, down the stairs, up the back stairs, and gained his bedroom just as a bell began to ring violently. He hurried off his clothes and jumped into bed. Other bells soon began to ring, and the whole house was in commotion. John Trover was called by one of the maids, who told him to get up at once and help to put out the fire. He lit his candle, and proceeded to dress, when, to his horror, he discovered that he had only one slipper with him. "Where can I have dropped the other? if it is found, then I am discovered; I must make all haste and endeavour to find it myself." He put on his coat and trousers, and with the one slipper in his pocket, he hurried along the passages with his light, but failed to find the slipper. whole of Lord Mayflower's room was in a blaze. But the Marquis's private fire-engine was already at work, and in half an hour the flames were got

under. The room was gutted, however, and the floor was much burned. "I am afraid you were reading in bed, Lord Mayflower, and asleep," said the Marquis; "that is the most dangerous thing in the world." "I can assure you I was not. I imagine it was the act of a burglar; for I am nearly certain that, as I sprang out of the bed, I saw a slipper on the floor." said Lord Mayflower. "You must have been dreaming; why should a burglar set fire to your room, when you were fast asleep? Besides. burglars do not wear slippers," said the Marquis. "I cannot be certain," said Lord Mayflower, "because I had not time to look; I rushed to the bell, and then put on my dressing-gown and set to work to throw water on the flaming bed." "See, at all events, Edwardes, whether any one has an odd slipper in the house," said the Marquis. The fire now being out, the servants John Trover slipped into began to disperse. the kitchen,-while the other servants were refreshing themselves, in the cellar, with some champagne, "to make hup for our extra labour." (as Edwardes said),—and finding the kitchen fire still flickering, he thrust the slipper in, which he had in his pocket, and covered it up with coals.

"Where are your slippers, John?" said Edwardes

next morning, as he peered round the room. have not had any since I was last in London." said John Trover; "I always wear my houseshoes." As John was saying this, Edwardes heard the kitchen-maid calling upstairs to the housekeeper, that she had found a charred slipper in the kitchen grate that morning. As Edwardes had already told the Marquis that all the fires in the house were out when he went to bed, he ordered the other servants not to mention this latter discovery. He then reported to the Marquis that no odd slipper was to be found in the house; that John Trover used to have a pair of slippers, and that he had none now; "but then 'e says as how he brought none back from London with him." Trover was sent for, and questioned; but his coolness and shrewdness secured him from more than a vague suspicion, in the Marquis's mind, stairs, suspicions were coarsely expressed, until every one professed to be certain that John Trover had been guilty of setting fire to the house; although no one could suggest a reason why he should have done so. The next day, the Agent returned in obedience to a telegram. Some of the tenants, in paying their rents, presented their receipts also, asking in joke whether the Agent wanted to imitate the unjust steward in the par-

able, "but we be'ant unjust tenants to so good a landlord." Armelini protested his innocence: but the Agent was very angry, and discharged him on the spot. John Trover at once suggested that it was Armelini who had set the house on fire: but the servants, who were jealous of John Trover, and had never had any grounds of jealousy against Armelini, at once acquitted the latter. Edwardes said: "Hi tell you what, young man, the sooner you leave this place the better; hand if you do not go at once, we'll tell his lordship it was you has set the 'ouse hafire. Hin fact 'is lordship said to me that 'e'd give yer a good character, has nothing as been aproved against yer, nor can be proved, owing to yer villainy in burning ver slipper, but that ver must go, has every one knows as how it was you as did the whole mischief."

John Trover, after a while, obtained a footman's place in the family of a very religious and extremely wealthy baronet—a member of Parliament—Sir John Newsense, M.P. Sir John read family prayers every morning, and Lady Olivia B. Newsense read prayers every evening. The servants were compelled to appear at what they called the morning and evening "performances." The cunning ones, who wished to ingratiate them-

selves with their master and mistress, adopted, on these occasions, a sanctimonious look, and gestures and sighs, which gave an appearance of religiosity that was amply contradicted directly they were downstairs. For the household did not compare to advantage even with the Marquis's. There was perpetual swearing and swilling. Maid-servants and men spent their nights in debauch. Every one seemed to vie with the other as to who could rob most without being detected, and who could lie with the better grace and greater appearance of truthfulness. John Trover, base and bad as he had been, could not help feeling revolted.

One evening, Edwardes came to Sir John's house in town, to spend the evening in the housekeeper's room. After the housekeeper had gone to bed, John was ordered to fetch from the cellar some champagne and a bottle of Curaçoa. The kitchenmaid, a young and very pretty girl, brought in some choice dishes; and John, on the strength of his acquaintance with Edwardes, was allowed to stop and regale himself. "That was a queer trick yer played hus, John; what did yer do it for?" asked Edwardes; and without waiting for an answer he turned to Sir John's butler, Caiger, and continued, "What d'yer think, 'e sent receipts to the tenants, who had not paid their rents, and 'e set

the young lord's room afire, and nearly burned the castle down." They all enjoyed a hearty laugh at this practical joke, over the next bumper of champagne. "But hi 'ave a trick worth two of that hin my 'ead, hi 'ave." He then explained a scheme which he had concocted with Bill Bolter, a ticket-of-leave man. The next Sunday, Edwardes was to ask leave to go into the country to see his friends, until the next morning. (He was really going to join Bill Bolter.) The kitchen-maid, who had already been engaged by the Marchioness, and had entered upon her place that morning, would let in the burglars on Sunday night. Thus, while Edwardes would escape suspicion, she could, if perceived, defend herself by saying, that. she was in the Marquis's room, and had seen the window open; for the study and dressing-room of the Marquis was on the ground floor at the back of the house; and Bill Bolter, Edwardes, and John Trover were to enter the window of that room. when the kitchen-maid, by opening it, gave the required signal. Edwardes was then to collect the plate, while Bill Bolter and John were to go to the Marchioness's dressing-room and get her iewels. That was the scheme.

The next morning, Lady Olivia Newsense sent John Trover to the Army and Navy Co-Operative

Stores in Victoria Street. As he was returning, he met, at the corner of Carlisle Place, the two sisters who had at first taken him in. John started, and was about to turn away, when one of the sisters called to him and asked, "How are the Marquis and Marchioness?" John looked confused and hung down his head. "What is the matter?" continued the elder sister: "there is something on your conscience, John; your face has lost the open cheerfulness of look which you had." John muttered some confused reply. "Come in, and see Father Coyne," said the elder sister; "he is in the waiting-room." John followed mechanically. Father Coyne was an Irish priest, with a twinkle of Irish fun in his eye, and a round happy face, beaming with intelligence, generosity, and hearty good-nature. He had a high, broad forehead, and one of those clear pink complexions, which are often seen in persons who never vex themselves, nor allow themselves to be offended; and who never chew the cud of disappointment. As John entered, Father Coyne held out his hand cordially, while his face assumed, almost at once, a solemn and inquiring expression. John felt cowed before the fixed look of Father Coyne's keen eye. He turned his head towards the door; it was shut, and the sisters were gone. He felt very

awkward. Father Coyne sank into a chair, still retaining John's hand. "My son, you have a grievous sin upon your conscience. Either you feel remorse at a sin already committed; or you are steeling your heart to commit a crime. Which is it?" John's lips quivered; his colour left his cheeks; the tears came into his eyes; he sank upon his knees and buried his face in his hands. "Tell me all," said Father Coyne, in a kindly voice, "you will feel your heart relieved, and I will give you good counsel." Amid sobs. John confessed his base and heartless ingratitude to his benefactor, and also the plot which was to be carried into effect next Sunday night. Father Covne was so deeply grieved, that he could scarcely speak. At last he said: "Whenever you have injured another, two things are required before pardon can be obtained. You must confess your fault to the injured man, omitting no particular; and you must offer to make whatever reparation is in your power.* These preliminaries were required as well by the Levitical law as by our Lord's injunction; and they are distinctly set forth in the ancient Canon-law. Make up your mind, then, to do what is right, and then obtain absolution for your sin." "What reparation can

^{* &}quot;Non dimittitur peccatum, nisi restituatur ablatum."—S. Aug.

I offer?" sobbed John. "None; you can only confess to the Marquis every particular of what you have done, and tell him the plot that is intended; and as to reparation, you must trust to his generosity to let you off." "I will; I will," said John, "but how can I see him?"

At that moment, the Marquis was shown into the waiting-room. He had come about another little foundling. Father Coyne requested him to hear the statement which John Trover was about to make. There was nothing harsh in the Marquis's manner. On the contrary, he spoke very kindly. John, gaining confidence, related his former crime, and then the plot. "Have you mentioned this to any one?" "To no one, my lord, except Father Coyne." "Then say not a word about the present interview; and I request you, as a small reparation, to play the part assigned to you in the plotted burglary."

When Sunday night had come, the Marquis himself opened the hall door at eleven o'clock, and admitted three detectives, who were waiting on the opposite side of the street. He showed them into his study, and hid them in the strong cupboard, which he, of course, left unlocked. Now, as Edwardes had asked for leave of absence, the footman answered the study bell, when the

Marquis announced that he was going to his bedroom. In about an hour the kitchen-maid entered the study and opened the window. John Trover and the burglars entered. "This his the drawer where 'is lordship's money his," said Edwardes. Bill Bolter wrenched it open, and taking three fivepound notes, he exclaimed, "Their be'ant much; but here be yourn," said he to Edwardes, "and here yourn," to Trover; "and here be my share," said he, putting one of the notes and all the sovereigns into his pocket. "I do not want anv." said Trover. "But hi do want my share," said the kitchen-maid. "Well, then, d'ye take it," said Bill; "and now let us try the strong closet; 'ow shall us hopen it? Ulloa! it hopens itself." In another instant, two of the detectives had sprang at Bill Bolter's throat; the other seized Edwardes, and ordered John to lock the door and shut the window. Bolter made a stout resistance; but he was overcome and handcuffed. "You rascally hinformer," said he, looking at John and gnashing his teeth; "hif hi'ad a 'and free hi'd do for you." Edwardes and the kitchen-maid were also handcuffed, and all three were removed to the police station. John let them out, no one in the house knowing what had occurred, and then went up and informed the Marquis. The next day they were all fully committed for trial. John

Trover, anxious for true contrition, went to seek Armelini in his lodgings, in Rochester Row. He found him at home, and confessed the injury he had done him, imploring his forgiveness, and promising to do whatever he could towards reparation. Armelini seemed pained; but after a short effort, he frankly forgave the injury. John turned to go, but Armelini pressed him to stop. "You have always looked to me like an Italian," said Armelini, "and not unlike what I can remember of my father." Armelini then related that his father and mother used to live in London, and had two sons; but that when Armelini was six years old, they left in a steamer, from the St. Catherine's wharf, for Leghorn, after the steamer had left, his younger brother was missing, and it was supposed he had fallen overboard. The father and mother having died a year or two before the present occurrences. Armelini came to England, and sought out the Marquis, who had been kind to him in Florence." "Now give me your address," said Armelini, "for I must see you again; here is a piece of notepaper." John wrote his address, and handing it to Armelini, he said, "Why do you have a tortoise on this paper?" "It is the crest of our family," said Armelini; "I have one worked in blue on my arm, with a G under it for my name; so had the little brother whom we lost; his name was Giambattista." "I have a tortoise worked in my arm, with a G under it," said John Trover, as he proceeded to take off his coat and bare his arm. There was no longer any doubt. They were brothers.

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THE good ship "Asgard" was sailing in the Pacific Ocean, when a mutiny broke out. The captain, -M'Killop,-and the mate, whose name was Jones, and six sailors, who would not join the mutineers, were put into the long-boat, with a bag of biscuits and a keg of water, a pair of oars, and a mast and sail. There they were in a small boat, out of sight of land, without a chart or compass, and with food for only two or three days. two days there was not a breath of wind, and the sky was cloudless. The first day, a heavy swell was rolling, without a ruffle on its surface. The air was burning hot. It was of no use to row with a pair of oars; the immediate emptying of the water keg would have been the only result. They sat in the boat, and looked over the sides, and contemplated their own faces in the emerald waters. At night, the stars came out, and made their long silver pathways across the sea. Still there was not an air to stir a ripple. Next morning, the sun

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Midnight past, the clouds cleared away, and the moon shone out. "I see land ahead!" A long, low wooded hill was before them, in the bright tropical moonlight. It was not many miles The sea was running high, but the wind had abated much of its force. The reefs were shaken out, and the boat rushed madly onward towards that misty land which was sleeping before it, in the calm golden light of the newly-risen moon. Before morning had quite dawned, they were close to the island. The rollers could be heard breaking in long echoing roar upon the black and rocky shore. "The sea is too high for me to bring her to; we must run on and take our chance." The white surf was already hissing and bubbling round them. "Starboard, starboard!" shouted the man in the Close under her starboard bow the water was gurgling, and washing off a sunken rock. "Now, port!" The boat ran, on the crest of a wave, close past a high black basaltic rock, while there was another at a little distance on the other side.

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they were too full of bitterness to agree upon any one course, and too indolent to put anything into effect. At last the canoe was finished. It was covered over, with a hole in the deck just large enough for his body when he sat upright; and he had thickly daubed it with caoutchouc gum. He also made a paddle. Jones had worked slowly, now and then, to frame a sort of half raft and half boat, out of banama stems; while he at other times had collected a store of fruits to freight his boat; and at other times enjoyed himself listlessly like the others.

One morning there was a cold sea-fog. It lasted only an hour. Captain M'Killop said to himself, "It is high time to launch my boat." "That is nothing," said the others: "look! it is bright and warm again already." Some could not help perceiving that the fruits had received a chill; but they put the unwelcome thought aside, and enjoyed themselves as heretofore. The next morning was fine and calm. Captain M'Killop hastily gathered some of the soundest and best of the bread-fruits, to be his food on the voyage, and he launched his light boat in the bay. The idlers lay on the sand and smiled, and scoffed, and jeered. They saw him step in and ply his paddle, as he bade them Adieu! The light canoe slid

over the calm waters, and scarcely made a ripple in the silent bay. He skimmed swiftly out between the rocks, and was gone. In three days he shot safely into a friendly harbour on the mainland. The same evening, Jones the mate launched his heavy craft and loaded it with packets of bananas and mangoes, wrapped up in plantain leaves. The craft was very leaky, and very ricketty. But the idlers were looking on, and jeering, and he was afraid of their sneers, and spoke hopefully, and courageously pushed off his boat with a loud hurrah! Yet in his heart he had sore misgivings. The salt water came in very fast. "It will spoil all my fruit," said he. He rowed hard: but the boat moved very slowly. It would not skim swiftly over the waters as M'Killop's had done. He rowed harder, as the idlers jeered, and he got round the high rocks and out of sight of the bay. He had got a mast, and a sail made of woven grass. He hoisted his sail, as there was a breeze. While his heavy boat lagged, lumberingly along, he took out a packet of fruit to see if the salt water had spoiled it. The bananas were full of worms, and the mangoes were rotten. Many packets he threw overboard. "I must keep some for ballast," thought he; "or else my boat will upset." Louder blew the chilling blast:

thickly came down the fog. It was raw and cold. A heavy sea set in. The banana stems cracked like straws on the heaving sea. They were rotting before; and the water had made them sodden and soft. The boat was full of water and would not He rose from his seat: but wherever he move. placed his foot, it went through the soft banana The wind began to strain his mast; and it bent over slowly and helplessly as if it had been made of leather. He pitched out his remaining packages of fruit; but it was too late; the boat would not float. He threw himself overboard. and tried to swim. The fog was too thick; he could not find the island, and large sharks swam around him, with their triangular fins above the water. Quickly they mangled their prey.

The fog created consternation in that island, so late the abode of happiness. It carried a blight to the fruits. They changed colour, and quickly became pulpy and sour, and then rotten. The leaves of the banana-trees drooped, and the stems fell over like broken straws before the wind. All the beautiful verdure was gone; and the broad leaves tumbled off the trees. There was a horrid smell of rottenness throughout the island. The two men who had made stores of fruit, then prided themselves on their foresight, and said, "We shall

feast through the winter, while you, fools, must starve and meet the fate your indolence deserves." "Not at all." said the others, "the fruit of the island is common property; and we will help ourselves to your stores and keep ourselves from starving." Thereupon there arose a bitter warfare; and the two possessors were cruelly stoned to death, bravely defending their rights. others seized their stores, and began to quarrel over the division of the booty. One man thought he would secretly eat first and fight afterwards. He stole a package, and found it a mass of worms and rottenness. He tried another: it was as bad. "Alas! fools that we are," he exclaimed; "in our pride, we thought we must know better than our captain, and we scoffed at his wisdom, while we gave ourselves up to indolent enjoyment. Alas! alas! the pang of remorse is greater even than our fear of the tortures by the prolonged death by starvation which awaits us." Through the gloomy fog arose their voices of wail; and the cold blast was laden with their cries of distress: and there was no one to hear, and no one to pity.

THE GREAT MAGICIAN.

NEXT Sunday the chairs were, as usual, in their places; but the children did not fill them with their usual alacrity and eagerness. They were holding a cabinet council in the further corner of the room. "What is the matter, Besso? Why do you not come?" "We were hoping that you would tell us a fairy story to-day. Your stories might all be true; they could happen any day. But we should like something wonderful, which could not happen," said Besso in reply. "Very well; I will give you the story written by a great philosopher of the Egyptians, called Theuth. He lived before the time of Moses, many thousands of years ago; and was thoroughly learned in all the sciences of the Egyptians, and knew very many things which were forgotten afterwards, Some of these things have been found out lately, and called 'new discoveries.' This is the story which he tells of himself, and I am sure it is wonderful enough":-

It has been for some time well known that gas

is much lighter than the air; but I was the first to construct an enormous balloon of silk, and append to it a wicker boat to contain two persons. library, which was large and valuable, adorned my native city. Alexandria. The balloon was constructed in Thebes. I entertained the intention of rising up, before Pharaoh, into the blue sky on Pharaoh's birthday. My balloon was finished; and I put some food into the car, and some lions' skins to keep us warm, as I intended to rise up as high as possible. Pharaoh was enthroned on the market-place, and was receiving the congratulations of his subjects. I prostrated myself and said, that in honour of the great king, whose word was law, and without whose will no man dare stir. I would leave his empire on earth, with my wife, to proclaim the birthday of Pharaoh in his empire of the skies. Pharaoh stretched out his sceptre. as a sign that he gave me permission. I kissed his sceptre, and placed my wife in the car. prostrated myself three times,—once to Pharaoh, praying him to command the elements to be propitious; and once to the Sun, praying him not to scorch me with his beams; and once to the Earth, praying our great mother to receive me again on her gracious breast. I then entered the car, and cut the rope which held me to the earth. Quickly,

but majestically, I shot aloft. Every face in the vast crowd was turned up in wonder; and Pharaoh, gazing upwards, waved his sceptre towards me. It was a proud moment. My heart beat strong with exultation. Straight upwards I flew, for there was no wind. I looked at the broad still stream of the Nile, as it lay like a long bright mirror below me. I looked down on Thebes. multitudes on the market-place were reduced to a speck, and its grand buildings could hardly be distinguished from the earth. Upwards I flew: upwards, and ever upwards. I thought I could see Memphis in the blue distance; even Alexandria I imagined that I could descry beside the waves of the blue Mediterranean. Upwards, and ever upwards. "Are we not going too far from the earth?" said my wife, "what if the earth moves away through space, so that we cannot find it again when we descend?" I smiled at her remark, and said, "Then we will go to the sun." I looked down and could see nothing but a grev mist below us. It was very cold, and we covered ourselves with the furs. In a balloon, when once you have lost sight of the earth, it is impossible to know whether there is wind or not; because you move along as the air moves, and there is nothing to mark your motion. I was, therefore.

not aware that a strong wind was blowing from the north, and that we were travelling at the rate of fifty miles an hour towards the south. sently, I saw some mountain peaks, which pierced through the mist. I did not know that they were the high peaks of the Mountains of the I thought they were islands in the Medi-"We have travelled to the north." terranean. said I to my wife, "and I knew it not. Those are the happy islands in the blue Ægean; we shall soon come to the fertile land of Hellas." Over the peaks we passed. . I could see that we were descending rapidly towards the earth. "The sun is right above us," said I, "we must have gone to the south. What wide sheet of silver water is that below? Its shores are covered with trees, and the adjacent hills are rich with greenest pastures." It. too, fled away; but we were rapidly approaching the earth. "Alas! alas!" I exclaimed. "we are descending on an arid plain." There was one wide expanse of sand; it was as if the ocean had been dried up by the sun's vertical beams, and had left bare its ancient floor. Still southward we flew. I looked out and saw a huge tower of white marble. crowning a high precipitous rock. The base of the great rock was lapped all round by gossiping waves, and on the shores of the little lake were

trees and houses and luxuriant gardens. On the top of the tower was a great dome of burnished brass, which shone like the sun himself. I feared to descend. "Throw everything out of the car." said I to my wife. "That must be the abode of some great magician. It is better to rise again into the air. The kind sun may send a south wind to carry us back to the dear Father Nile and the fertile plains of the Great King." My wife threw everything out, and we began to rise, when a long straight flash of lightning shot out of the dome and pierced a small hole in the balloon. The gas began to escape very fast, and the earth swelled her bosom as she came nearer and nearer to our car. We descended on the soft sand, a few miles from the town. As we did so, a black man, tall and straight, and shining like ebony, ran from from us and staggered in his fear. I thought he was very drunk, and said to my wife, as I relieved my anxious bosom by a sigh, "Heaven be praised! we are, at all events, in some civilised country." Two other men walked up to us. They were white, and tall and erect, and planted their steps firmly on the ground. They were both old, but one was much older than the other. They were clad in white, as the priests are in Egypt. I thought they were priests, and said to my wife:

"Prepare, for surely these men are come to slay us." I did not know at that time that the priests in that country looked on life as sacred, and would not even kill a fly. They advanced, stood still, and bowed low, touching their foreheads, their mouths, and their breasts with their right hands. and said: "The great magician, Miholé, hath sent us." I prostrated myself in my fear, and so did my wife. "Thy servant is a poor Egyptian who has spent his life in acquiring knowledge, am versed in all the sciences and arts. I have learned astrology and the black arts from a great magician at Memphis, who can call spirits from the other world and make them obey him; he is terrible and "- "Yes, I know him," the elder man replied, "he has infinite knowledge of the most useless kind, and the cunning of a serpent in beguiling the ignorant. He sees the devil every morning as he combs out his long grey beard before his mirror." I saw that the man was mocking me, but I was too frightened to feel the insult. Presently I added, "I have the largest and most valuable library in Alexandria." "A library is but a museum of the ridiculous errors of men." said the elder man. I was silent. The two men looked in silence at our prostrate forms. Then I said: "Mistake me not for a rival of vour great master; I am not a magician." "We are not so stupid as to suppose such a thing," said the elder man, "for we know you to be a fool." I rose in anger, while my trembling wife tried to hold me down. "If I were as old as you are," gasped I, partly in anger and partly in fear, "you would have to fight me for this." The imperturbable old man said with a smile: "An ass is as old at fiveand-twenty as a man is at a hundred. If I were as young as you are, I might put an end to you in a moment; but as centuries have snowed upon my head. I know the sacredness of life, and the value of the score of years decreed to you for redeeming. by labour in well-doing, a foolish life of threescore." Fear got the better of me, and I was silent and abashed. My wife kissed the feet of the old man. and begged our lives in craven terms, promising to be his slaves, and to fulfil any, the most despicable services, and to do the meanest or most nefarious acts he might command. "You are abusing the esteem I have for your sex, and the contempt I entertain for yourself," said the elder man, as he stretched out his hand and raised me from the ground. Then he said in a kind voice: "You have stood the first test; your pride has been a little humbled. Great Miholé does not require any one to speak, as he knows the thoughts of

every man. He saw you making your balloon, and he sent the north wind; he then shot out his lightning to bring you to earth. In three days he will see you. During that time you must neither eat nor drink. I will, however, first give you a small cake of honey and flour, which will enable you, after the three days, to look on the Great Miholé, and hear his voice, and understand his speech. As we walk to the city you may ask me any questions you like." The old man then described the magician as very wise, and also very good and gentle. He told me that the magician once had a son who was as wise and good, as generous and gentle, as his great father. death," said he, " made many miserable on earth, and one happy in the abodes of the blest." don me," I said, "for my confusion and fear at first; I knew not what I said. No danger did I ever fear: vet I feared you, I know not why." pride yourself on being brave! yet know that the worst danger is that which is never feared. allude to the motions of self-love-your pride," I remained silent. Then again I feared lest the old priest should sacrifice me for holding a different religion from himself, and that was what he meant by sending me to the Great Miholé; so I thought it best to let him know that I held to no religion.

and would readily embrace his religion if he would teach it to me. "I am no bigot," I said, "religion I have none; I am a philosopher. I worship science, and spend my days in perfecting my knowledge; I am a student of nature." "Nature," said he, with a severe and angry look, "is always the resource of infidelity. Yet, if you had eyes to see, you would find that she is but a handmaid which holds the mirror to religion."

We had now arrived at the town, and stood before a large prison. The old priest motioned me in. I entered a small cell without a ray of light. The old priest said: "In three days I will return; here is the cake, take and eat it." He dipped his fingers in a small pot of ointment and touched my forehead, breast, and feet. Then he closed the door. I was in perfect darkness. did not sleep, and the old priest's words remained in my mind, and his melodious voice still echoed in my ears. At the end of three days the priest came to me. My first thought was for my wife. In reply to my questions, he said: "She is quite safe; she has been sent back to Alexandria, where she already is." I was profuse in my thanks, and prodigal of my eulogies. "Cease to praise me for a good action," said he, "until you have learned to censure men for their bad deeds. Flatterv is always insincere, and is never bestowed except by a hypocritical enemy." We left the prison, and entering a boat we crossed over to the rock. The boat shot into a long low cavern, in which we We groped our way up a dark spiral staircase, and emerged in a gorgeous hall. There were no windows, for it was in the middle of the tower; and there were no lamps; and yet a solemn but rich light pervaded the whole apartment. There was silence—a solemn silence—broken only by a sound which seemed to me like the musical murmur of a distant waterfall. After some time, I perceived two large eyes, of some invisible man, which were fixed upon me. Only the eyes could I see, and they riveted my attention. They were very large; and a distant fire seemed to be burning in each, as when you look at the lens of a dark lantern. By degrees the owner of the eyes could be partially distinguished. Yet he was transparent, like a picture of a magic-lantern projected upon a piece of plate-glass. The figure was that of a very old man, with snow-white hair. He had a long white beard, which reached below his waist. Very old he was; and yet he was erect, and far taller than I was, and his step was measured All his movements were strikingly graceful; and his voice was a soft and melodious

murmur. His great eyes of fire were always fixed upon me, and appeared to look me through and through. The Great Magician, Miholé, stood be-I could not speak, so full of awe was I. My companion whispered to me, "He knows your thoughts, you need not speak; he will give you the wisdom for which you have always yearned." The Great Magician glided away, and I followed mechanically. We entered a large hall, pervaded by the same solemn twilight. It contained an orrery in motion. Bright golden stars and suns and planets were revolving in a beautiful order and ceaseless harmony. The motions of the whole great system seemed most intricate; yet not one shining star jostled another. As I gazed, knowledge seemed of itself to flow over my mind: for not a word was whispered, and not a sound was heard, except the musical cadences of the distant waterfalls. Near me, I saw our sun; and the earth turned round him, while the earth was itself the centre of the moon's smaller orbit. There were . also all the circling planets. Presently I perceived that our sun, with its system of planets. was but a planet with its many moons revolving round a greater sun. Aye, and there were many other suns and systems besides our sun which did the same. A long time I looked and wondered. Then my eye rested on one of the Pleiades further off in the hall. It was a still mightier sun, who was obeyed by many more of these complicated systems. Still further off I thought I could descry still larger suns, but my eyes were unequal to pierce the dimness and darkness of distance.

As I gazed in mute wonder, my companion, the old priest, who stood beside me, said: "This is not only a correct representation of the heavens, but it also represents the law of the social order, and of every other order. There cannot be any order without a hierarchy of rulers, and subalternation throughout the system. The smallest rulers must maintain order in the smallest spheres; and these rulers must be ruled by greater rulers; and so on. There must be ruler above ruler, until you come to the Central Sun, the Great Miholé himself." The words sank down into my soul, and took from me all power of question or reply.

The Great Miholé then moved into his museum, where I saw the archetypal specimens of all the minerals, and metals, and plants, and animals—reptiles, fishes, birds, and beasts—that he had made. "Still the same law," said my companion; "genus above species, and genus above genus; but never any collision or confusion between any." A door then opened, and I looked into the darkness within.

After a while I could discern two lifeless bodies of men which the Great Miholé had just made. The darkness fled the chamber, and a light pervaded it—a light so painfully white that I could see nothing. I closed my eyes for a moment. The bright light had gone; the solemn hue filled the room, and I saw the two men walking about and talking. "Those two men are free to act, as you are yourself," said my companion. I gazed in silence. Then he continued: "Across your mind I see a doubt, as when the shade of a cloud scours over the mid-day fields. You are saying to yourself: How can the Great Miholé rule the world if men are free to act? How can he know what they each will do?" My companion paused. Then a thought rose in my mind, and I said to myself: "It is true that I can often predict what any man may do or say, in reply to something that I may say or do; just as I can predict four or five moves in a game of chess; and if the Great Miholé made these men, can he not much more predict what they will do? Moreover, by the art of persuasion I can sway the multitudes; and the great magician must have infinitely more knowledge of men, and therefore an infinitely greater power of persuasion than I have." Those thoughts rose in my mind, and I looked on those great eyes

like lamps of fire, which were fixed upon me; and I quailed before them, and was dumb in voice and mind. Then my companion said: "There can be only one first cause; and yet if men were the first causes of their own acts, there would be many first causes. Motives determine the decisions and acts of men; and it is from circumstances that men's motives arise. It is the Great Miholé who prepares and presents those circumstances." There was silence; and I thought of the pleasant land of the Nile, and of my home in Alexandria, which I had determined never to leave: and yet I made a balloon for Pharaoh's birthday; and the still, calm day, and bright azure sky, and the plaudits of the crowds, and Pharaoh's waving sceptre made me rise higher and higher; and the all-pervading mist below, shut out the pleasant Nile, and kept me in ignorance of the wind which wafted me to the Great Miholé. The Great Miholé prepared and presented those circumstances! these memories rose in my mind, I followed mechanically into the great golden ball, which glowed atop the tower. There I gazed on the history of the whole world, stretched in panorama around me. The picture was painted on a bright golden ground, like the quaint old pictures of Giotto or Perugino. On this ground, all the

myriads of figures were busy working. I looked at the past history, and could see that the golden ground had been worked into the most delicate tracery, like the most costly lace of thread of gold. "The myriads of holes, in the golden ground, which the figures have made," said my companion, "are the evil deeds which those men have wrought." I gazed, and saw that a bright light was streaming through these myriad holes, and illuminated the picture. There was one large hole through which there beamed huge shafts of the white light that before had blinded me; and it was that which lit the whole panorama. "Evil deeds can destroy the golden ground; but the light can pierce through each defect," said my companion.

Still I contemplated the panorama; and I could easily trace the lives of the greater men, through all their actions to their deaths; and I looked on men who were still alive; and I could distinguish, in the panorama, all that they would do up to their deaths. Even the lives of men not yet born, I could see depicted on the golden ground. On the first part of the panorama, there were those glorious periods when there were great nations and large, who swayed the world's destinies. I turned round a little, to a later period, and watched the gay land of Hellas, where a great nation, but

small, shall some day dwell and lead the world on the roads of truth and beauty: and shall teach art and science to the coming centuries. To a later period I turned, and wondered at an iron people. which shall be small in number, and yet great and wonderful; and I saw that it shall grow larger in number, as it shall become smaller and smaller in mind—that is, a lesser nation—until its unwieldy mass shall be broken to fragments; and then these fragments shall coalesce into states of large extent, but ever smaller and meaner and more despicable: and I saw that great men shall gradually cease to live, and all men shall become puny and drivelling pigmies, and sink down to one low, undistinguishable level. Turning still further round, all seemed lost in one bright golden cloud, which my companion told me should be the end of the world. saw all these things at once, because I stood at the centre of the panorama. Then I walked round and round and looked closely into them, examining one after another; and I wondered much, in silence.

After a while, my companion said: "Presently you shall follow those two men, whom you saw made, on their journey to the land of the Nile; and you shall return to Thebes and Memphis and Alexandria. The Great Miholé made those two men out of nothing. Why did he do so? Be-

cause he chose to do so. The one, by his foolish wilfulness, will run to his death in the Great Lake, over which you crossed in your balloon; and the other will be obedient, and go to Memphis and Alexandria, and will increase in the wisdom which the Great Magician will give him, and will grow great. The former will perish, because he will choose not to remember that the Great Magician made him, and that the Great Magician need not have made him at all, or might have made him a stone, or a reptile, or a brute, or a drivelling idiot, without reason or free-will. Look again at the panorama; there you see the two men travelling over the desert to the lake." I looked, and I saw them carrying burdens on their backs: and they missed their road: and one retraced his steps until he got back to the right road, while the other tried to find a new path for himself, thinking that it would lead him right again, and was lost in wandering mazes; and he divested himself of the burden which he was bid to carry. Then I heard the noise of distant waterfalls, and distinguished these words: "The one loves me because he obeys me, and the other hates me because he is insubordinate; yet I made them both, and have put it equally in their power to go right; and I have showed to each the path of duty." Again I saw the burning lamps, and I fell flat upon my face and worshipped; and the wind blew cool upon me, but I dared not look up. I felt as if I were being wafted away, and opened my eyes, and saw that I was floating in the air. away from the tower, and across its circular lake. and among the high-branched trees, and over the blooming flowers. I turned round, and stood on my feet in the air, and descended to the earth. Still I was wafted along. I passed the timid deer; and they neither looked nor stirred. A lion stood before me, snuffing the wind and roaring. I feared not, but passed him by, and he heeded not my presence. I followed the two men, and heard their They carried large barrels on their converse. backs; and one was angry at the weight, and murmured and complained,—(his name was Nabal); while the other, who was called Xelpmis, carried his burden, because it had been given him, and said not a word. As they walked, they missed their way, and got among the soft places of a morass; and Xelpmis said, "We must return till we come to the point where this path left the road." But Nabal answered, "The way is too long, and the hill too steep, to return; let us pick our way, and strike off to the right; we may regain the road we were told to keep; and if not, we shall find another as good." So they parted company. Nabal floundered all night among the pits and soft places of the morass, and cast the heavy barrel off his back, in order that he might be able to walk the lighter. But in the darkness he fell into a pit of the bog, and could not get out again, and was smothered. Xelpmis regained the right road, and was careful not to wander from it; and if he ever did so by mistake, he hastened to return again. So he gained the broad lake, and plunged in, as he had been told; and the barrel kept him floating all the night. I was wafted above him, and held out my hand, and drew him swiftly across; but he saw me not, and knew not that I was there. When he reached the other shore, I went with him. and guided him, and kept him out of harm. We passed the upper and the lower cataracts of the Nile, and reached Thebes, and went from thence to Memphis. At Memphis I met my wife and daughter. The latter walked on, unheeding our presence; but my wife spoke to me, and said that she too was wafted about like me, and had been sent to save my daughter from a great danger into which she was about to fall; and that she had saved her, by putting it into her mind to take a wrong road, so that she did not reach the place of danger. "Yet," said my wife, "our daughter knew not that

I had done so. Now I am accompanying her to keep her out of another danger into which her heart intends to plunge her. O Theuth! we can see each other, and speak to each other, as of vore; and we go about to save our friends from harm. and to put good thoughts and motives into their hearts: but I have not crossed, nor shall I ever cross, the circular lake, as you have; nor have I seen, nor shall I ever see, the Great Miholé, as you have: nor have I heard the soft music of his everlasting voice, as you have; nor seen the intricate mechanisms of earth and heaven, and of society, and of the mind of man. I work, but know not: you work and know. You know the good you do, and see how it fits into the plan of the great eternal harmony and order!" So saying, she left me to rejoin my daughter; and I accompanied Xelomis to Alexandria.

Some years have now passed away. My house and library had been sold by auction, and bought by a rich merchant of Alexandria—a man of unblemished honour and tender heart. I had got Xelpmis a place as clerk in his firm, and had helped him to rise to the first clerk's place, and then he became a partner. This rich merchant fell in love with my daughter. A powerful, but wicked, noble also fell in love with her: but I could see that he

would make her life miserable, and abandon her. He had, indeed, in Phrygia, another wife. This powerful nobleman hated the rich merchant, for the nobleman had defrauded the merchant, and the merchant had feared to bring so powerful a man to justice. He who commits a wrong always hates his victim. To hatred was now added the feeling of jealousy; for the nobleman found that the rich merchant was suitor for the hand of my daughter, Alexandra.

There was a great hunt, in which many great men took part. The nobleman was there; but the merchant had been detained by business. wards evening, the merchant mounted his horse for a gallop towards the desert. I was with him, and saw an evil spirit whisper a wicked thought to him: "Could I not some day manage to poison that nobleman, who defrauded me of much money, and wishes now to rob me of Alexandra's love?" listened to the evil whisper, and revolved it in his mind. "That would be a crime; a crime!" whispered I to him. But he said to himself (for he was not aware of my presence): "When one has been wronged, one has a right to a remedy; and if the courts of law do not furnish it, one may take it one's self. Moreover, one has a right to defend one's self against a wrong." And I saw that he had

invented a false maxim, to excuse himself and still his conscience: and I saw the evil spirit whispering to him that his maxim was right, and that if he did not take revenge and defend himself, he would not be worthy of the name of a man. I saw that he hugged his false maxim, and that further words would be useless; and I turned away in sorrow. "I will feign admiration for the nobleman," said he, "and I will invite him to a banquet, and will put poison in his cup." It gave me great grief to see so good a man harbour the wicked thought of an evil spirit, and I prayed to the Great Miholé: "Save him, oh! save him from so great a crime!" I looked forward towards the desert, and I saw the nobleman riding alone, for he had missed his way and lost his companions. He had his hunting sword by his side, and his broken spear in his hand. had been broken by a thrust at a wild boar. looked, and saw the evil spirit pass over from the merchant to the nobleman; for the merchant had begun to turn away from his whispers, and say to himself: "Would it be a crime?" nobleman listened to the whispers of the evil spirit: "Yes, we are alone in the desert; that hated merchant-my rival-and myself. Why should I not wreak upon him the hatred of years?" He looked around, and seeing no one, he threw away his

broken spear, and drew his sword. He galloped towards the merchant, and with one blow, he clove through his shoulder to his heart. I could see that a piece of the edge of the sword was broken off in the dead man's shoulder-blade. Heavily the poor merchant fell on the sand, and his masterless horse fled to the desert. The nobleman wiped his sword in the sand, picked up his broken lance, and rode home. That night I stood by the bed of Xelpmis, and said to him: "The nobleman has killed your partner in the desert, and a piece of the sword edge remains in the shoulder-blade of the merchant" Xelpmis arose in the night and called his servants. and said: "Has your master come home? for I have dreamed that that wicked nobleman has murdered him in the desert." In the morning the dream rested on the mind of Xelpmis; and he could not rest. He left the house and went into the streets and the market-place. There he found great sorrow and consternation; for the body of the murdered merchant had been found. I led Xelpmis on, till he stood before the door of an armourer. A slave soon appeared, carrying a sword in a jewelled scabbard. I whispered to Xelpmis to enter the shop with the slave. The slave laid it down, and said it was to be ground for the nobleman. I showed the dent to Xelpmis. The man looked up from his

work, and Xelpmis laid down the sword. armourer thought it was he who had brought it, and said: "To grind it would be insufficient; it should have another blade." "Then put another blade." said Xelpmis. Xelpmis went and prepared to bury his master, and he opened and read the will. The library, the house, and all the immense wealth, had been left to Xelpmis. Not even this news could remove the dream from his mind; for I kept reminding him of it. Then he went for two surgeons, and they came and examined the wound. and found the bit of sword in the bone. then took them to the armourer's, and they fitted the bit to the sword, and they denounced the nobleman before the judge. All Alexandria was in consternation at the audacity of Xelpmis, who dared to accuse a nobleman of so foul a deed. But they loved the merchant, and said: "Good young man, he seeks to avenge the death of his friend." I stood by, and gave courage to Xelpmis; and I saw the evil spirit by the nobleman, prompting him with proud thoughts, and bidding him not denv the charge: "Do not demean yourself by answering, but put it haughtily aside." The nobleman did so; and the judge and people were shocked, and found him guilty, and condemned him to death. And I saw the evil spirit, and heard him laugh a

bitter laughter; for evil spirits deceive and wheedle men to do bad actions, and then laugh and jeer them for the evil consequences. So the people rose against the nobleman, and insisted on hanging him at once. Then I went to find my wife, and told her what had happened, and asked about our daughter. She told me that "Alexandra had always felt an aversion for the nobleman, and did not care much for the merchant, because she had fallen in love with Xelpmis."

Here the ancient manuscript comes to an end. The rest of it was destroyed in the great fire of Alexandria, when the Saracens took the city; and this portion is all that was saved.

PUNISHMENTS AND REWARDS.

AN immense tract of country in Asia, was once subject to a great king. His dominions, which were most extensive, as an absolute monarch he ruled. Yet his subjects were considered the most fortunate inhabitants of the earth. Their monarch's wisdom and learning were unbounded; and his generosity and sense of right were noted throughout the world. As his justice was so undoubted, and his vigilance so unremitting and careful, his subjects lived better under his absolute rule and unlimited power, than they could have fared under any other form of government.

A large tract of his territory was rocky and barren; and the changes in the weather were great, sudden, and vexatious. The crops were, therefore, extremely uncertain. Not here, but in a distant part of his dominions, the royal palace was built. It was situated in a rich and broad valley, surrounded by lofty peaks and inaccessible mountains. The only access to the valley was through

a long, narrow cavern under one of the mountains. This cavern was strictly guarded against all intruders. No one, indeed, could venture to pass through its dark intricacies, except he were under the conduct of one of the king's most practised guides. For the dark passage was intersected by a boiling torrent, which swept boisterously through the darkness, and roared around the high jutting rocks, on which alone the traveller's timid and uncertain feet could rest.

The "Happy Valley" was most luxuriant; the views at every turn were most enchanting. The ground swelled in broad, green, grassy bosoms, whose knolls were covered with clumps of planetrees, acacia, and tulip-trees; while huge pinetrees sheltered the higher regions on the mountain sides. As the number of the population, who could live in the Happy Valley, was necessarily limited, the monarch was in the habit of selecting, from the inhabitants of the surrounding deserts, those whom he judged the most deserving of admission into its blissful and much-coveted abodes. Some few, only, received the high favour of dwelling in the palace itself, feeding at the monarch's table, and sharing all his delights. Of course it was the great ambition of his people to earn, by their merits, the king's gracious permission to pass through the

long dark passage, and to cross the black, boiling, subterranean river, which guarded the entrance to the valley.

Among the subjects of this great king, political maxims used to be current, which were greatly at variance with the notions of these days. They said, for example, that "much as they feared the just wrath of the monarch, they were in still greater dread of the rewards which he showered on some, who were evidently not the most virtuous of his people." When asked the ground of this maxim, the only answer which could be extracted was. "Because our ruler is just." Another of their maxims was: "Every subordinate ruler draws all his authority, by delegation, from the great king himself, and must therefore execute the royal laws and fulfil the royal wishes; while men, in all other points except these delegated powers, are naturally and essentially equal." Maxims such as these used to be current. At the time, however, when the events, which I am about to relate, began to take place, these maxims had nearly died out from the minds of the dwellers of the inhospitable and desert regions of the great king's dominions. Yet, even in these rocky and mountainous parts, every one who was entrusted with an official authority or rule—such as the management of a

tract of land, or the mayoralty of a town, or the magistracy of a parish—always exercised his powers in fear and trembling. For the sense of responsibility was yet strong in every breast, and every one knew that he would have to give, both of every action and of every want of action, a strict account to the great king, or to his high commissioners. Every one felt that he was answerable for his own sphere of activity, whether it was great or small; and that every injustice, as well as every laches, would certainly be most severely visited upon him.

The rocky and desert region was subject, as I have said, to great and rapid changes of climate, and the crops were always very precarious. At times there were famines over a very large extent of country. For the yield of the ground was always scanty for the wants of the inhabitants, while there was scarcely any importation of food. This was owing to the absence of any mineral or manufactured produce for exportation, and to the fact that the surrounding countries were separated from the region, of which we are speaking, by an immense tract of desert without good roads and with no waterways. These famines, therefore, led to migrations and to internecine struggles and wars between the various tribes. Ouestions of

right often arose, which were highly complicated and difficult of solution. With a view to remedying these disorders, the great king built a huge palace, on a high hill, overlooking that desert region. This palace was to serve both as a place of refuge for an immense number of destitute families: and as a college of legal dignitaries or judges, who were gratuitously to hear all causes, for the termination of disputes and the definition of rights. was called the Palace of Aiselcé. The charge of this palace was given, by the great king, to an old man who shared the great monarch's wisdom and goodness, and who was instructed in all monarch's aims, versed in his policy, and in the secrets of his treasuries, and learned in the laws and regulations which the monarch had decreed for the government of his kingdom. The aim of the great king was to preserve the unity of his kingdom; or, in other words, to prevent intestine broils and civil wars. But, as he was well aware that disputes would not cease at once among a people who loved bickerings, and "whose privilege it was to grumble" (they having come of a very turbulent and seditious race); and as he knew that both sides in every struggle would agree to fall upon the old ruler of Aiselcé, and lay the blame on him, therefore the monarch imparted to this old ruler a

secret cipher, by which intelligence and orders could be conveyed to him, in perfect security from the curious prying of strangers and the malicious inquisitiveness of spies.

In the Palace of Aiselcé thousands of families abode. Each family had its own "mansion," or suite of apartments, in which all its members lived together; and those mansions were grouped together, according to the provinces or tribes from which the families had been summoned. Every morning, all the inhabitants of the palace met together in the central cathedral, to hear the monarch's regulations read from the great altar of sacrifice, and to bless their great benefactor by adoration of the heart and praise of the lips.

At first there was, throughout the Palace of Aiselcé, nothing but gratitude, thankfulness, and warmth of feelings towards the monarch, mingled with respect towards his Viceroy—the aged ruler of Aiselcé—and accompanied by a sincere desire to conform not only to all the regulations, but also to those precepts of which the performance was merely optional. After a time the feelings of gratitude died away. Insubordination then began to take the place of respect for the aged ruler; quarrels arose between the members of the same family, and disputes ran high between the various families in the

Palace of Aiselcé. It was then observed that those who clipped the regulations of the monarch, and scamped the fulfilment of the few laws which they retained, were those who enormously lengthened their prayers at the morning adorations; but they gabbled over their miles of prayer like mill-hoppers.

As long as respect remained in the breasts of the inhabitants of Aiselcé, the old ruler judged and determined all the quarrels which unfortunately arose; decreeing the proper reparation or amends which had to be made by every one who had committed any aggression on the rights of another; and dispensing the due meed of punishment to every one who had in any way violated the regulations Even the fathers of families of the monarch. bowed before his decisions, making full amends, and submitting to the penalties which he awarded. At the time of the events which I am about to relate, however, those fathers who maltreated their children and oppressed their servants, resented, with angry violence or proud disdain, the just interference of the aged ruler. Some few, of the better behaved, still submitted; but with a bad grace. Others barred and barricaded their doors against his officers. Others, again, left the palace, preferring to live apart in the desert; while some, who still

held their apartments in Aiselcé, utterly repudiated the aged ruler's authority, saying that each father should do as he likes in his own family, and should not be fettered in any way by the aged ruler's regulations, or subjected to his legislative, judicial, or coercitive powers. They went so far even as to propose that they should all join in blocking the aged ruler up in his room, or in deposing him altogether, and electing, in his place, some creature of their own, who would always defer to their wishes.

That was the deplorable state of affairs when the king's son, Prince Ichthus, visited Aiselcé. plans were soon taken. He went about gaining over one man here, and another there, to form the nucleus of a party of men who should all be sworn to observe, with the most scrupulous strictness, his royal father's laws, and strenuously to support the authority which the king had delegated to the old man. These men, Prince Ichthus himself instructed and exercised in the ways of wisdom. So it became their pride to imitate him in words and acts; and even to copy minutely all his manners and habits. learned from him to bear insults, and court adversity, while their party was being formed, and until such time as they should be called out by him to act against the enemy in Aiselcé. They even prided themselves upon showing friendship to those who

had injured them; while they found a pleasure in perceiving that their little clique was the focus of the hatreds of all the rocky districts, and the butt for the calumnies and sarcasms of the enemies of Aiselcé. They had, by habit, become patient in bodily and mental suffering; and courted humiliations in fame and name. The three things which Prince Ichthus had told them to abhor were: Pleasure, Praise, and Pelf.

On a mountain side, in the midst of the rocky district, there lived a wealthy landowner, called Oita He had laboured hard on his large pro-Rumrum. perty, and had shown great talents of administration. To this, in great part, his enormous wealth He was also virtuous, but he was exceedwas due. ingly proud. Tall in stature he was, with a high forehead, but short nose. His head was bald; but he had an ample beard of dark crisp hair. face was pale, and his head stooped somewhat, and his shoulders were rounded, like a man while he is writing. He was proud; and therefore disdainful, and a hater. Much hurt was he, when the monarch last passed through his dominions, at not receiving any royal recognition of his labours, or honourable mark of approbation for his able administration. "Say what you like," exclaimed he, "I shall always hold that the monarch is not just." This saying

was duly reported to the great king, who sadly smiled, and said with a sigh: "So be it; as his heart so much desires it, I will promote him to the government of a province; let him be chief ruler in Natsoodni." Oita Rumrum was delighted; but it proved his ruin. For, when called to account, great defalcations were discovered in his accounts; and he was convicted of weakness and folly in his administration; while signal acts of high-handed injustice, hidden by base lies and subterfuge, were proved against him.

In the town of Sirap, in the province of Ecnarf, there lived a humble labourer, named Nomiad, who had shown great energy in fortifying, and great courage in defending, the town against predatory incursions of certain bellicose tribes in the vicinity. His fellow-citizens petitioned the monarch, in appreciation of his great services, to appoint Nomiad the mayor of their town and magistrate in their district. The petition was granted. It would have been better for Nomiad if he had never received these benefits. For there was a hidden seed of pride It was unseen and unsuspected, as long as he remained in a circumscribed and humble sphere; but broke out as soon as he was raised to a higher He then became haughty, arrogant, harsh, and exacting; and he raised his hand seditiously against the ruler immediately above him, blaming that superior's government (although it was not Nomiad's province to criticise or judge), and seeking, by the unscrupulous use of incitements to rebellion, to depose that ruler and seize the province for himself.

Sioul was governor of the province of Ecnarf. He was a virtuous and good man, of a tender, soft, patient, and even feminine character. All his family were exemplary. The name of his son was Bernard. He was virtuous and gentle, like his father; and polished in mind and manners. But, in energy and sudden determination, he was unlike his father. His was the gentleness of the elephant, not of the lamb; his strength of mind and will were sufficient, when required, to bear down every obstacle which stood in the way of a good end. Sioul had also a daughter named Gertrude, whose great beauty was celebrated throughout the kingdom. Bernard lived in Sirap; but Sioul lived a little way out of the town in a secluded villa on a mountain side.

In Sirap there lived a worthless character, whom many of the citizens persisted in regarding as great and wise. His name was Te-Oura. He was a bad man, with a bad wife and a bad family. His sons were dissolute, drunkards, and cheats. They were always intriguing darkly, and were guilty of many

secret sins, of which no one knew except the king's spies. Yet both Te-Oura and his sons had occasionally done acts of kindness. They had, for example, been generous to some orphans; and had once imperilled their own lives, to save a whole village from destruction. In short, they had not bad hearts by nature, but had allowed themselves to become thoroughly deprayed by bad habits.

The great king, in a progress which he was making through his empire, arrived in great state at Sirap, in the province of Ecnarf. The good Sioul received him at the confines of his province, and conducted him to Sirap. Yet not a mark of favour was shown to Sioul. He seemed to be treated with coldness. A less virtuous man might have been hurt in his pride, and become angry with his monarch. It never occurred to Sioul that he was slighted. Love for his sovereign, and an anxiety to fulfil his duties, occupied all his thoughts. But a greater trial was in store for him. As the king approached the gates of Sirap, Oita Rumrum came out to meet him. He was mounted on a milkwhite steed, which was covered with a velvet horsecloth thickly embroidered with gold. The saddle and bridle seemed to be made of gold, set with precious stones. Seeing the king, he alighted and prostrated himself on the earth. The king bid

him rise, saving: "I have heard of the virtues in your life, and your good deeds. The clever administration of your large estates has also not escaped me. Sioul, see it proclaimed that Oita Rumrum has received from me the chief governorship of Natsoodni." Bernard, son of Sioul, was riding close behind the king and Sioul. He could not refrain, in his indignation, from murmuring half aloud, as he apostrophised the king: "Such favours I do not desire! worse than anger is a mercy like that! merciful sovereign, be angry always with me, I pray, whenever I shall go astrav. But this thine act, if Oita could but know, is a present reward for his few good deeds, so that thy full wrath may hereafter fall upon his evil life. He has not laboured with good men. and with good men he is not corrected. Therefore shall pride be his destruction," (See S. Bernard, Serm. xxiv. in Cant. and Psal. lxxii. 6.) The king turned in his saddle and looked full in the face of Bernard. Bernard bowed reverentially, but his glance never wavered. A smile lit up the sovereign's features, as he recognised in Bernard the able captain of Prince Ichthus's secret party.

Nomiad now came forward and prostrated himself. He was rather short in stature, rather coarsely made, and fat. His forehead was high, and his face was round. His nose was small and short: his mouth was large; while his lips were flabby, and his tongue was too large for his mouth. malformation caused him to sputter and blubber in his talk. When he walked, he had a habit of throwing back his elbows, as if to open his chest: and of holding his chin up, as if he were always looking too high over the heads of other persons for him to know them. When he advanced, the monarch, in recognition of his services to the town, conferred on him the mayoralty of Sirap. Te-Oura was always with Nomiad. He was his fellow-townsman and adviser. Te-Oura was tall and spare. A man of few words and much wit. Every word he uttered was anxiously weighed. With a great knowledge of men, and a careful government of himself, it was not surprising that he had gained great influence over his fellowcitizens. Yet he was a worthless character, for he held to no principle. Self-advancement was his only aim. He had an indomitable will; and a passion for revenge, which nothing could abate. An unintentional slight would cause him to hunt the innocent victim for years to his grave. There was a wicked and piercing cast in his eye. nose was long and Jewish; his hair was scanty, but hung over his forehead in long curls; while a

goat's beard under his chin added to the devilish vulgarity of his appearance. Nomiad presented Te-Oura to the monarch; and the monarch gave him some lands and honours, "For," said he, "I have heard of all the acts of kindness which you have done, and of your generosity to the poor orphans."

Te-Oura, as he rose to his full height, in pride at receipt of these honours, cast a disdainful glance at the meek and lamblike Sioul. The scornful smile increased on his features, as the king turned to Sioul, and reproached him with certain weaknesses in his government of Ecnarf: "You pardoned murderers, because they simulated contrition. You forgot that punishment has a fourfold object-to bring about a real contrition in the offender; to remove from society, either for a time or for ever, those who pollute it by their converse: to deter others from crime; and to make amends to those whom the criminals have injured. You have considered your own feelings and goodnatured impulses; you have not considered your duty to society; nor have you exacted amends for wrongs. I require that every one be judged according to his deeds, and that the guilty should receive their just measure of punishment." Oita Rumrum glanced at Nomiad, and then at Te-Oura,

and a sneer, almost imperceptible, played upon the features of all the three. Sioul hung down He was humbled and abashed. nard was beside him, and whispered in his father's ear: "Father, you are not moved, I see; your soul is too good to be moved by adversity; for patience is no more a motion of the soul than It is patience which makes your tender faith. soul endure, just as it enables strong ones to succeed: while impatience sours the tender mind, and undermines all strength." Sioul cast at his son a look, which said, more clearly than words, that Bernard had expressed the thoughts which struggled in his own breast for utterance.

The cortège passed on into the city of Sirap. The occurrences of the morning were not lost upon Oita Rumrum, Nomiad, and Te-Oura. When the evening had closed, the rewards heaped upon these three, and the harshness with which the good and gentle Sioul had been treated, were made use of, in all the coffee-houses and streets, to prove that the king was either unjust, or else utterly ignorant of the acts and characters of his subjects. "If unjust (it was argued), then a revolt against his authority would be right; if he is guilty of ignorance and gross incapacity (for these in a ruler amount to guilt), then the state will be benefited by a

revolution, which would put a more able ruler on the throne. Either way there must be a revolt; and the first step is to get rid of Sioul." So argued the numerous emissaries of Oita Rumrum and Nomiad. But the king was not ignorant. The secret party of Ichthus and Bernard were equally busy; and reported all to the king.

The next day, Sioul walked through the marketplace, and no man noticed him. His former acquaintances looked at him for a moment, and then turned away as if they had not seen him. Nomiad and Te-Oura rode past, and cast at him looks of the utmost disdain; and then spread depreciating stories and calumnies among the crowds of the market-place. The vulgar people were amused by the wit of Te-Oura, and dazzled by the rapid advance of Nomiad. Yet they could not help remarking how much more haughty and arrogant they had both become; while there were not wanting those who could whisper acts of great harshness, and exactions of grossest injustice, which they had perpetrated. So they blazoned forth the glories of Oita Rumrum, Nomiad, and Te-Oura, with a bitter water-brash in their hearts; while they looked upon Sioul with a silent pity, which bordered on liking. As Sioul passed, crest-fallen, through the crowd, he was met by Peter Francis

Blois, who was called Peter the Fool. Peter at once exclaimed: "He who labours not with men. will work with devils; and he who is not whipped now with men, will be flogged with devils hereafter" (Epist. ix.). The crowd laughed at the excellent fooling: but the words sank deep in the mind of Sioul; and they were not altogether lost upon Oita Rumrum. The latter said to himself, "It is true! we have been amply rewarded for all our good deeds! what claim have we left to enter the Happy Valley? We have received our rewards; but Sioul has paid heavily for his shortcomings, and wiped out the score. If the king is just, he will take Sioul with him to the blest abodes." So Oita thought; but he quickly put the thought aside; and cherished his plot to depose both Sioul and the king, and get all for himself.

The next day, Oita Rumrum left Sirap, and made a royal progress through Ecnarf and the other provinces of the empire, in order to gain adherents and strengthen his cause. His great magnificence dazzled the multitude. Few reflected that, as he spent far more than his income in banquets and bribes, he must necessarily resort to extortions and heavy taxations of his province, in order to cover his expenditure. His pristine virtue,

also, had now been lost. His immense retinue contained a number of female slaves, which he had either bought, or seized by force.

During Oita Rumrum's absence, Nomiad and Te-Oura lost no time, and spared no energy or expenditure, in preparing the minds of men for the intended revolt. Sioul found himself unequal to resist their numerous and dark intrigues; although he had Bernard and the party of Prince Ichthus to assist him. He seemed to himself powerless to stem the tide of evil, which was so rapidly rising and spreading. For Nomiad was advised by the trained and skilful mind of the subtle Te-Oura, and helped by the numerous secret societies in the towns, and the powerful patronage of Oita Rumrum throughout the country.

After a successful progress, Oita Rumrum returned to Sirap, to confer secretly with Nomiad and Te-Oura. This object was veiled, however, under the pretence that he wished to attend a sumptuous banquet in honour of the king's birthday. Of course Sioul, the governor of Ecnarf, was called upon to preside at the banquet. It was most distasteful to him, for he loved quiet, and preferred an unostentatious life. As he entered the banqueting hall, and looked at the tables, he said to his son: "How many things they find

necessary, which we never want!" He did not want the rich dishes which were laid before him. and was content with the simplest food which he could find on the table. "You seem not to appreciate the cooking," said Te-Oura with a sneer; "I suppose vou keep better cooks at your mountain cottage." "I do," said Sioul, "the best which can be found,-early rising and spare feeding." Te-Oura felt the rebuff, and said: "Shall we have the king again in Sirap soon? What did you think of his last visit? I think he did not recognise your merits sufficiently; what do you say?" "I make it a rule never to speak to others of myself," Sioul replied; "for if I speak well of myself, they will not believe me; and if evil, they will hold me to be at least three times worse than I May I ask how you have employed your time since the monarch's visit?" Te-Oura felt the point of the question, but answered carelessly: "In laughing at such as you, who remain virtuous, while vice alone receives royal rewards; and loyal, while your king speaks to you with unmerited asperity."

As the wine robbed the banqueters of their prudence, Oita Rumrum and Nomiad mentioned to Te-Oura that they had made a plot to leave the table before Sioul should rise, and ride to Sioul's

house to seize his daughter Gertrude for a slave. A servant, who belonged to the party of Prince Ichthus, overheard the plot as it was being explained to Te-Oura. He at once reported it to his captain; and Bernard left for his father's house. after ordering the servant to acquaint Sioul. Now it happened that Te-Oura had seen Gertrude, and admired her great beauty. He listened to the plot with apparent pleasure; but secretly determined that no one except himself should obtain He therefore commanded one of his followers to drug some wine and bring it with him. At the given signal, Oita Rumrum, Nomiad, and Te-Oura left the banqueting hall, and rode with all haste to Sioul's house. Sioul speedily followed by a shorter road, and arrived just in time to see Bernard fall, and Te-Oura lying apparently lifeless on the ground. The old man rushed in, but was speedily seized and bound. So was Gertrude. Oita Rumrum had drawn his sword, and was about to kill Sioul, but Nomiad staved his hand, saving, "Stop! It will be better for our ends to keep him alive; let us bring him to Sirap and torture him into confessing that he killed his own son."

They were preparing to carry Te-Oura out and return to Sirap, when a flash of lightning and a deafening clap of thunder caused them to hesitate.

The rain began to descend in torrents. Flash succeeded flash, and the discharges of heaven's artillery followed each other in quick succession. One distant mountain after the other echoed each peel of thunder. As the thunder claps came at shorter intervals, the mountain echoes rolled, without intermission, like musketry, and boomed louder than heavy siege guns. The night was pitch "We cannot leave as yet," said Oita Rumrum, as he returned from the door of the cottage. Te-Oura lay upon the floor. His cloak had been cast on a divan, and the two calabashes of wine lay on it. "He has taken care not to forget his luxuries, at all events," said Oita Rumrum; "let us drink for one that cannot do it for himself." The effect of the wine soon became apparent. Oita Rumrum and Nomiad dropped into a heavy slumber, as Bernard began to recover. men are very apt to hit with the flat of the sword, instead of the edge; and Bernard had only been stunned by a blow on the head, but not cut, He was now recovering, and sat up. At first he found it difficult to gather consciousness, and passed his hand distractedly two or three times across his forehead. Presently he took in the whole position. Rising from the floor, he drew Te-Oura's knife, and cut the cords which bound

Sioul and Gertrude. Then, stooping down, he examined each of the three conspirators. Oura and the other two were quite insensible, the one from the blow on his head, and the other two from the drink and drugs. "We must leave at once, and mount their horses," said Bernard to Sioul. They went out; but Sioul stopped on the "Give me the knife." he said to Bernard. His son obeyed, while a cold shiver ran over him: "My father cannot, surely, intend to murder them, and in cold blood?" Sioul stealthily approached Oita Rumrum, and kneeling down by his side, he cut off one breast of his robe. He then wrapped it up with Te-Oura's knife, and put them in the breast of his own robe. Bernard and Gertrude had already mounted two of the horses. Sioul got on the third. The rain had ceased. The storm had passed away. The cold, silent moon was shining high up in the heavens. tiously they descended the mountain; but when they reached the sandy plain, they urged the Arab steeds to the utmost. At length they reached the Palace of Aiselcé; and the old ruler gave them a mansion and a welcome.

The next day, the old ruler sent for Sioul. There sat the old man, whose authority was next to that of the great monarch himself, and whose word was law to many millions of men, because they knew that his word was not the expression of his own will, but the exposition of the great monarch's law. There he sat on a common deal chair, by a common deal table: in a room with bare walls and without an ornament, and a floor without a carpet. There he sat, the grand old man, the true impersonation of a sovereign, in a world where kings were shopkeepers, and their courts the foci of falsehoods. His forehead was high and broad; his eye was bright and piercing, with the many twinkles of humour in it. hair was white, and his face was pale, but beaming with benevolence; and the deep bass of his sonorous voice rolled through the spacious empty cham-"My son," said he, "you have relinquished your post, and the duty which the great monarch imposed upon you. Perhaps you could not help Remember, however, that activity, resolution, energy, are the proper nature of man; while tenderness and patience are the staple of the woman's character. You have overstepped the law of your being, and suffering has been the necessary consequence. The man that ceases to struggle, had better be buried. Judge yourself. To do this, you must regard yourself objectively. When you have formed your judgment, then endeavour to

treat yourself as an external object. This is the business of life." Sioul was silent; and then he said: "It is true; I have followed my impulses, which were towards kindness: for it was pleasanter and easier to do so; but I should have thought more of my duty." "Good!" said the old man: "kindness, benevolence, tenderness, and the like. are good impulses. They must be cherished, not checked. What you have to look to in life is. however, your duty. You have to imitate the life of your monarch and Prince Ichthus. Their thoughts have to be your thoughts. You know that they are tender; and yet with severity they denounce the least evil. They never give place to evil, nor flatter the evildoer with kind words. This will become easy, if you learn to fix your gaze on the one great object in life; you will then see that life is a striving, and that every slackening is a defect of life, or disease. Death is the termination of life's struggle. When you fix your bodily eye on the goal, your body has not to think how to direct itself towards that point. Your eye guides the unconscious body; your steps direct themselves in the direction of your sight. So energy depends on the strength of the image before your mind's eye; and everything is possible through energy. Your fault of late years has been changing; it is

not so much an inordinate tenderness now, as a brooding over sorrows which you have, and sorrowing over imaginary evils which you have not. I do not tell you to turn away from your real sorrows and vexations. No; fix your gaze upon them attentively, as upon external objects; see them one by one, and measure and weigh them: then you will master them, and then despise them. The thought which is put aside will return with the impudence of a fly. As to your imaginary sorrows: make an effort to define them, and you will see how unreal they are. They will melt into thin air." "I confess that I am, and long have been, miserable," said Sioul; "yet when our king slighted me before all the magnates of Sirap, I bore it patiently; for I trusted to his justice." "Trust," the old man replied, "if you mean a sense of dependence, is enervating; while faith is strengthening; and faith is a duty. Project yourself into eternity. You will become unmindful of temporal things, while you will, at the same time, cease to ignore the temporal end of your being; you will work with energy towards that end, which your sovereign placed you there to accomplish." "I have for years been keeping death before me: I have been thinking of a better life, and learning how to die," said Sioul. "That is folly," the old

man exclaimed with the fire and energy of anger; "that is vile and worldly philosophy. wisdom teaches you how to live. Your sovereign has sent you here to live and work." Sioul was silent: and so was the old man. After a while the latter continued: "We are spirits, my son; and our spirits are ever listening to other spirits, and receiving motions from them. You are desponding; you feel scruples and disquietings; those are motions communicated by an evil spirit; for a good spirit gives strength and comfort, consolation, light, and peace. There is darkness over your soul; this is the evil spirit's hour in your soul, and the power of darkness. Your sense of hopelessness you mistake for 'trust;' your mind is flat and lukewarm; you feel yourself forsaken. Look and see! your disquiet and agitation comes from a motion towards terrestrial things; no more. Think of your ultimate end, and a flame of fervency and love will burn in your heart, and tears of gratitude and regret will start into your eyes. Remember the good things you have received; and memory will nourish hope. Thus Faith and Hope and Charity will drive out despondency. Your good spirit has left you desolate for a while, that you may have to struggle against the motions of your bad spirit. This comes of having been slack in

duty, and easy in good-nature." Sioul fell on his knees, and bent down his head, resting it on his hands. The old man was silent, until Sioul kissed his hand and rose. As he did so, Te-Oura's knife fell out of his bosom. "What is that?" the old man asked. Sioul related the story of their escape, and how he had taken Te-Oura's knife, and cut off the breast of Oita Rumrum's robe, to show that he might have killed him with ease. So saving, he pulled it out of his breast. Some papers fell out of it upon the floor. Sioul picked them up, as the old man silently stretched out his hand to receive them. The old man looked at them. and handed them to Sioul. On glancing at them, Sioul exclaimed: "These are proofs of treason!" "Yes," said the old man, "treason against our good sovereign, and a plot to murder you. I have known it all along; but the day and hour I knew not, nor the names of all the conspirators. Say not a word to any one." The old man hastily wrote a despatch in cipher, and sent off an express to the king. The king was on his way to Aiselcé, having already heard of the conspiracy. That night, the king arrived; the next morning he left for Sirap. He took Bernard with him: but Sioul and Gertrude were ordered to remain at Aiselcé.

The next day was far advanced, before Oita-Rumrum and Nomiad recovered from the effects of the drugged wine. Te-Oura was then in a semi-conscious state, and did not, for weeks after his removal to Sirap, completely recover from the blow which Bernard had dealt him. Yet he was able to go about, and appeared at court, with the other two, soon after the king's arrival in The loss of the compromising documents. and their ignorance as to the fate of Sioul and Bernard, made them extremely anxious concerning the king's sudden presence in Sirap. Te-Oura had sent out many of his secret emissaries to track and assassinate Sioul, Bernard, and Gertrude; but they were utterly unable to learn anything concerning them. When at the court, their fears were, however, speedily removed; for the king received them graciously, and asked them concerning their government. In reply, they were profuse in their professions of attachment to his person and loyalty to his throne; and expatiated largely on their untiring efforts to promote the welfare of his empire. They at the same time accused Sioul of inattention to the affairs of the province, and mentioned mysterious absence from Sirap. The monarch listened in silence, and without the least sign of anger; for he wished to give time for the plot to be matured, so that his enemies might fully declare and so condemn themselves. The king's long-suffering was again made use of by Oita-Rumrum, Nomiad, Te-Oura, and their followers, to promote rebellion and gain adherents to their side. "It was a clear proof," said they, "either of gross ignorance and folly, or else of injustice and childish pusillanimity, on the part of the king?"

That evening the three conspirators met at Te-Oura's house. Bernard guessed that they would soon bring their plans to maturity; and contrived. unobserved, to keep Oita-Rumrum always in sight, while some of his friends dogged the other two. Te-Oura, in futherance of his own dark designs, had constructed a secret staircase in his house, and a secret door into every room, with holes in the carved oak panellings of the rooms. so that he could see into every room, and hear whatever might be said within. It was for this reason he contrived that every important meeting should take place in his own house. For, by leaving the room, he could observe what the others should say or do in his absence. Bernard had discovered this secret staircase, and also a secret outlet into the garden at the back of the house.

When the shades of evening fell, Oita-Rumrum

started for Te-Oura's house. Bernard followed at a distance, entered the secret door, and watched on the secret staircase. Te-Oura was in his study, with Nomiad and Oita-Rumrum. "From intelligence which I have received," said Te-Oura, "I believe that Sioul fled with his son and daughter to Aiselcé, and that the king was there, and came on here the next day." "Then he knows of your intended abduction of Gertrude." said Nomiad to Oita-Rumrum. of all, he may have got the documents which were in my breast pocket. We must therefore strike at once or we shall be stricken." Ultimately they determined to call the officers of their secret adherents together, the next night, in the large room of Te-Oura's house. The soldiers, that would be on guard that night in the palace, belonged to their party, so that an attack at midnight would be easy; the king could be killed, and also a number of Sioul's followers and of Prince Ichthus' party; and the crime of the irruption and treason could then be laid upon them. Bernard took this intelligence to the king. The king arranged with Bernard to accompany him and a few trusty followers, after nightfall, and occupy the secret staircase in Te-Oura's house. After the conspirators had all entered,

the followers of Prince Ichthus were to guard all the entrances to the house, and let no one go in or out. Yet it was arranged that they were to conceal their weapons, and to move to and fro in the street, as if they were merely passing on their business, so as not to excite suspicion. At the proper moment, they were to receive orders from Bernard, telling them what to do.

The night arrived. Forty or fifty conspirators were in the room. The king and Bernard were standing at the secret door, and a number of their armed followers were on the secret staircase. Rumrum, in his capacity of aspirant to the throne, presided over the meeting of conspirators. He opened the proceedings by enlarging on the incapacity of the monarch and his ignorance of affairs. "Moreover," said he, "loyalty to his throne earns only neglect at his hands; while dissatisfaction with his rule is the sure road to honour and emolu-Is not this sufficient to prove his incapacity, his ignorance, and his injustice?" He then unfolded the plan for killing the king that night, and making it appear that it was the result of the treachery of Sioul, who had long been plotting to seize the throne. Finally, they all swore to be true to Oita Rumrum, and each man handed in a list of the persons who had been sworn in by them and had joined the conspiracy.

At that moment the king opened the secret door and walked slowly into the room. one sprung to his feet. Some of the men fled downstairs, and were stopped by the guard A few ran back again into the room, outside. "Treason! exclaiming, The house is rounded, and we are all prisoners!" Te-Oura endeavoured to slink down the secret stairs. but was confronted by Bernard. The king then commanded silence, and said: "You have plotted against my throne, which you swore to uphold; you have plotted against the welfare and happiness of my subjects, and tried to overthrow my kingdom! How have you inveigled others into joining your party? You say I am ignorant? Here are the documents, in your own handwriting and with your signatures, to prove your guilt from the very first day until now. You say I am pusillanimous? I have entered this room, breaking in upon your conspiracy, alone and unarmed, and none of you ventured to strike me, while most of you endeavoured to fly. You say I am unjust, because I blamed Sioul for his few faults, and amply rewarded you for your

few good deeds? I am about to reward him for his many good deeds, and punish you for your long-continued treason." The king then called Bernard, and ordered him to secure all the criminals. The next day they were tried, and their guilt was fully proved to the world. According to the custom of the country, in cases of high treason, they were all destroyed by slow fires. Sioul, Gertrude, and Bernard returned with the king, and passed through the subterranean passage, and crossed the dark river, and entered the Happy Valley, where they dwelt for ever after.

BERNIE'S DREAM.

WHEN the family circle had assembled on the next Sunday afternoon, and the maëna-hirion, or druidical semicircle of chairs, had been placed opposite the fire, Bernie interposed, saying that he had a dream, last night, which he wished to relate. This Sunday afternoon was therefore devoted, by acclamation, to a recital of Bernie's dream.

Last night, as I was lying in bed, a man stood beside me. He wore a black cap with a long black ostrich feather in it. His cap was pulled down over all his forehead to his eyes. He also had a long black cloak which reached to the ground. He held up one side of his cloak, like a Spaniard, to his very eyes. I could not see his face, and I felt frightened. I asked him who he was, and he answered, "Death." As he spoke, he dropped the cloak from before his face, and pushed his cap off his forehead. I saw a skull, in place of a face; and empty sockets, in place of eyes. His cloak flew open at the same time, and I saw that he was only

a skeleton; and he held a dart in his hand. tried to scream, but I was so frightened that I could not utter a sound. He did not strike me with his dart, and seemed to be looking above me at some one on the other side of the bed. But I did not like to take my eyes off him for a moment. I saw him pull his cap down again over his white bony forehead, and he gathered his cloak up over his face; and he slunk away slowly, looking back over his shoulder as if he were disappointed. I watched until he had disappeared. As I did so, many thoughts, in those few seconds of time, passed through my mind. I thought, "What if he had struck me then, and I were dead now!" And I fancied that I could see my pale body lying stretched out on my bed. "But where should I myself be now? What doom would have awaited me in the other world?" Then I remembered some untruths that I had told, and many hasty words that I had let slip, and unkindnesses and greediness that I had committed, and I wished fervently, oh! so fervently, that I had not done these things. Such thoughts crowded through my mind, during the few seconds while the skeleton was slinking away. When he had disappeared, I turned in my bed, to see what he could have been looking at. There stood at the other side of my bed, a tall Being in shining white; but he was almost transparent—like a column of thin vapour from boiling water. His face was like that pale, transparent, flesh-coloured crystal, called beryl. His head was bound round with a golden band, which kept back the long light ringlets of golden hair, which shone like the first rays of the morning His face beamed with kindness; and the large, deep eyes, which looked down on me, were like clear, blue, sapphire lakes of love. All my fear and trembling vanished in a moment, as I said to myself: "It was before this bright, loving Being, that the horrid phantom, Death, did quail! With this bright Angel I am safe." Then he said: "Come with me, and I will teach you wisdom: before morning you shall be back in your bed again." He took me up gently, and flew with me through the air—so high, so high—I knew not whither. Soon I was standing in a vast round hall of judgment, like the Colosseum at Rome, but much larger. Millions and millions of bright beings in white sat on the seats all round. up from the ground, until they were lost in the blue sky above. I was in a kind of pulpit in the middle, and my bright angel stood beside me. The floor of the amphitheatre was filled with men and women—all the persons that I had ever seen.

Papa was there, and mamma, and brothers, and sisters, and every one that I had ever seen. front of me, there was a high throne of gold; and a bright light shone out above it,—so bright that I could not look at it. In front of the throne, but on the floor below, I saw the horrid black man again, —the hideous skeleton in a cloak. He claimed me as his own, stretching out his arms, and letting his cloak fly open; and I saw a fire burning within his ribs, and in his skull. The blue flames flickered, and danced in and out, and licked the bones of his skeleton. Flames also came out of his eveless sockets, and played about his temples, and scorched and charred his forehead, and wreathed themselves about his chapless jaws. He claimed me for his own, in a harsh and grating voice. claimed me for his own; and I heard a great distant voice, like the rolling voice of a cathedral organ, ask him why I should be his, and why I should not sit among the millions of bright beings in white? Then he stretched out his bony arm and pointed his jointed finger at me, and mentioned every sin, which I remembered to have done. And every time he mentioned a sin which I had done, or a careless word which I had spoken. he pointed at me with his nerveless, bony fingers; and he laughed a jeering laugh, which sounded

like the grating noise of a file when a saw is set. I shuddered; but I could not deny, and was silent. He said: "On such a day he was disobedient to his father." And, papa, you raised your arm, and pointed at me, and nodded. And he said: "Then he got angry, and struck his brother;" and, Monty, you raised your arm, and pointed your finger, and nodded. So he went on mentioning all that I had ever done or said; and I could deny nothing. The time he took, seemed hours and days; and I could not say a word, because I remembered it all, and knew that it was true. At last he said: "He has not loved Thee. O Lord, Thou King of all the earth; he has not loved Thee, Lord Jesus Christ-who loved him, and died for him; for he has not cared to obev Thy law, nor follow in Thy footsteps and imitate Thy life." Then I saw a great white Angel open a large book; and my Angel, who stood beside me, said: "He is telling all the good thoughts you cherished, and he is mentioning every time that you denied yourself, or tried to give up your will and do right." Then I heard the great voice, and I thought I was going to be condemned; and the great light stood up-far up into the heavens, like the sun in mid-day splendour. Then all the bright beings rose and fell on their knees, and

prayed for me; and the bright Angel by me urged all the good thoughts I had ever cherished, and all the good deeds I had ever done. As he mentioned them, one by one, the millions and millions of bright beings chanted them out after him in farsounding chorus, like the noise of the waves upon the shore. This seemed to last for hours and days. Then the great voice said: "I do not condemn him. Let him return to earth, and live to Me there for a while, and be My brave soldier, and sustain My cause." The skeleton muffled up his face, and disappeared.

Then my bright Angel flew with me through the air,* and placed me on the top of a very high terrace—the terrace at Tanderagee. He left me; and I stood and looked over the tops of the tall trees in the valley below, and across to the hills and trees beyond. Presently, I saw that thousands and thousands of snakes were swarming up the *terrace towards me. Each snake stood up as high as a man; and every snake had the head of a man. The leading snake was like my brother; and other snakes were my relations and friends. Thousands of other snakes were with them. They swarmed up the steep aclivity of the terrace, and

^{*} The following dreams were frequently dreamed by the author when a little child.

stood up before me and around me. I feared and trembled exceedingly, and turned to flee, when I saw that a man stood beside me; and he said: "Fear not! I am the Son of God; I am with you." And they all vanished.

I was next standing on a bridge; and a mighty river rushed through the arch; and a mighty giant stood at either end of the bridge; and they wrestled and fought, roaring horribly. They wrestled to see which should take me; and I stood beneath their mighty interlocking arms, upon the middle of the bridge; and their roaring was horrible; and escape seemed impossible. Then, with the fear and horror, I awoke, as I lay in my bed.

FORGIVENESS.

In a rich plain of grassy slopes, there stood the splendid palace of the Prince of Salm. The plain was broad and undulating. Here and there, great ancestral oaks stretched their gnarled arms out far and wide, and clumps of the silver-trunked beech tree cast dark shadows on the turf. A deep river, whose glassy surface was only disturbed by the swirls of the smoothly-running water, winded through the valley and past one end of the palace. The gorgeous edifice crowned a mound in the midst of the plain. Its porches and colonnades of white marble glistened like snow in front of a forest of beeches and oaks. The plain was surrounded by hills of purple heather and Scotch pines, over whose summits there shone the grey peaks of distant mountains.

In a narrow dell, up in the heather hills, and beside a trotting burn, there stood a very small cottage of one room. It was little better than a hovel—the abode of contented poverty. An old

widow and her daughter Mary inhabited it alone. Mary gained her livelihood by tending the sheep upon the heather hills. She wore a short dress of a thick woollen texture, while her feet and ancles were bare. Her dark brown hair hung loose down her back, and a shawl was thrown over her head.

Prince Salm was riding on these hills, one Sunday, when he saw Mary knitting, as she tended her sheep. "Do you never go to church, Mary?" he "Hardly ever." "Why not?" "I find asked. that no one can agree about religion," Mary replied; "the squire quarrels with the parson, and the parson with the minister, and the minister with some one else. Doctors can agree about the body, and sickness, and health; and yet religion, if it be true, must be far more important than the health of the body. It is plain that doctors agree about health, because they know; while no one agrees about religion, because no one knows. If that be so, then we cannot believe the religion that any one teaches: because he does not know." Salm thought for a moment, and said: "God has revealed religion, and told us how we should worship Him." "He did not reveal the science of medicine," Mary answered; "why, then, should doctors agree about such a comparatively unimportant thing, which men have not been taught by

God, and vet dispute, for nineteen centuries, about the most important thing of all, which you say that God once taught them?" "Therefore you determine to shunt that most important thing of all. until other persons can agree about it," Prince Salm said with a smile. "No," replied Mary: "if the eternal and unchangeable God thought it well to teach the one true religion to man-or rather. I should say, if He thought it well to teach a religion to man (because if He taught any religion, then that must be the only true religion); if He taught a religion to man, then He must have given every man, to this day, some easy way by which he may be certain what is the true religion which God taught. God could not have taught men long ago, and denied all teaching to men now. Besides, I think I am nearer to God on these mountains, than you are in your church." not understand what you mean?" Prince Salm asked with curiosity. Mary hesitated a few minutes, and then said: "Some fine morning I come out here, when the dew is on the grass, and the mist is sleeping on the plain, and the mountains are bathed in a golden light; and I feel that somehow God is there, in all that splendour. I am here in the sultry noontide, when your river is like shining silver, and the sheep lie down to sleep; and I look

across the plain, and watch the great eternal hills slumbering in the sunshine of their ancient grandeur-hills which have looked down on many generations of men long since forgotten. think God is not there? I wait till night has fallen: and I walk home, with thousands and millions of bright eyes looking down upon me from the skies; and they tell me that they are all great worlds, far away in the immensity of space. I not feel that God is there? The other day I stood on my mountain side, while a cloud, black as ink, hurtled up with the breeze, over the glistering grey of the mountain peak. A flash of lightning shot out of it; and I heard a tremendous clap of thunder; and one hill after another awoke to the summons, and repeated the message of the thunder. echoing it out of the throats of its caverns. Then came another flash, and another peal, which rolled round from hill to hill, and answered like sentries posted round the camp of God. Was God not in all these speaking mountains? Or I lie down on the heather, and look into a little flower, and see its pistils and stamens, and its delicately-pencilled petals, and the exquisite tracery of its leaves, and I say, Surely God's finger has been here. Perhaps I watch a spider weaving the finest net; and he does it in early morning, if the day is going to be

fine; but he will not do it if wet or wind will come to tear his work. Has not God, then, taught the little creature? In all these things I find no quarrelling and disputing; because God has taught the hills to speak and the spider to work. In nature, therefore, I put my religion." Prince Salm paused; he was bewildered by her untaught, but poetic eloquence; then he said, "Are you never conscious of sinful motions in your heart? how can you get rid of those stains? Besides, you also, as well as the quarrelling persons, do not hold nor practise the only true, because the only revealed, religion." Mary said nothing, and Prince Salm rode slowly on in a reverie.

A few days afterwards, he brought her a large ruby, cut in the shape of a heart. In the sunshine, it looked like a large drop of blood. He told her to suspend it round her neck, and wear it next her heart. "Never part from it," said he; "and whenever you are in difficulty, you may command my help, by merely showing me this jewel, and making your request upon the faith of my promise." "Never shall I forget your kindness," said Mary; "I will always turn to you for help, as to my great benefactor; you may be sure that I will do as you tell me." "One thing I have to ask you: If God had said so much, and more, to you, would you not

remember, and trust, and perform?" Without waiting for an answer, the Prince cantered off. "That would be a revealed religion; mine is no more than a natural religion. How different they are!" Mary said aloud to herself, as she knitted, and sauntered past some brushwood on the hill-side. She sat down on the heather, in the shade of a bush, recalling to her mind, half aloud, the conversation of the previous day, and connecting it with the few words which Prince Salm had just spoken.

Mary was not aware that she was being watched and overheard. Stretched on the heather behind the bush, a handsome young foreigner was resting. He admired Mary, and listened eagerly to catch every word which she murmured. Long black curls hung round his neck. His dark eyes sparkled, under his heavy black eyebrows. His aquiline nose betokened penetration, judgment, and a strong will. His mouth gave signs of malice and cruelty, mixed with cunning. After a time, Mary rose, and sauntered on. Count Ahriman, for that was his name, waited for a little, and then walked in her direction on the hill-side, as if he had not seen her before. He feigned to start when he drew near. as if he had suddenly caught sight of her; and raising his velvet hat, he said, "I came to worship

in the great cathedral of nature; and you are doubtless the angel of the spot." She stared at him. saving to herself, "He is a preacher of the natural religion." Then she inquired aloud what he meant. "All the religions which are taught in books or sermons," said Ahriman, "are merely the inventions of interested persons, who get money for preaching or writing, and so live an easy but worthless life. They all contradict each other, because the disputation and rivalry gains each of them a number of partisans, who pay them highly for talking. Believe me, there is nothing certain; there is not a single article of any faith, which every one acknowledges to be true." Mary was puzzled, because she was flattered by hearing Ahriman speak her own thoughts. By her look, she showed, to such a keen and intelligent observer of human nature, that her pride was flattered; and he knew that she would therefore consider him learned and wise; so he proceeded: "A love of nature is enough for me. I cannot look at the wonderful beauty in all things, without feeling that God is in all things, or that God is merely another name for nature." He paused a few moments. while Mary was too bewildered to answer. He then added: "One thing is certain; every one must judge for himself. If you listen to all these

jangling preachers, you will learn a mass of contradictions; for they neutralise each other. But the Reason of each man is the Light given by Nature to guide him; and if you trust to it, and do not allow any one to teach you, you will assuredly be rightly guided." Mary hesitated. She thought he must be right; and, doubtless, the judgment of so clever a man must guide him aright. could she trust to her own judgment? Timidly she asked: "Have all men and women an equal degree of reason? or else, must the majority submit to be guided by the minority—by the very few men who are the wisest?" "All men and women have reason in an equal degree," said Ahriman, "because Reason is perfect and unerring." "How is it, then, that men arrive at such contradictory results?" asked Mary. Ahriman warded the innocent blow by saving in the tenderest voice: "Better not trouble yourself about such things: you are worthy to occupy the highest station in society; you are beautiful and wise; you should not remain poor and ill-clothed, and have to struggle for your bread. Also in the highest society, and in the great city, you may study Nature; but it is Nature in a higher sphere than mountains and flowers, and stars and thunderstorms. Come and live in the great city, and

enjoy yourself all day, and all night too, with a succession of pleasures ever varied, and ever refined. You know not the pleasures of the city: nor the exquisite sense of beauty and wealth; and the perfumes of men's adoration; and the music and the play; while the incessant game of finesse and intrigue, in society, gives a pleasing exercise to your intellect." These words were spoken calmly and slowly, and almost in a whisper, while he looked down on the ground, and drew strokes thoughtlessly with the end of his gold-headed cane. Mary would have said, "Why should I not trouble myself about religion, except you mean that I have a less degree of reason, or perhaps no light at all, to guide me aright?" but the flattery, with which Ahriman had closed his appeal, quite blinded and befooled the poor girl. "Where shall I find you?" she innocently asked. "I will come in my carriage and call for you at your cottage to-morrow," said he, as he lifted his cap, and walked down the hill.

Mary waited until he was out of sight, and then ran home to her mother. With breathless glee she told her all. Her old mother looked sad, and said, "It is better to be poor; it is better always to be content in the station in which it has pleased God to place you." Mary felt downcast. She did

not like the disappointment, and did not approve of the advice. At last she said, "I will make a first trial of my benefactor's advice; I will ask to see the Prince very early to-morrow."

Ahriman's carriage turned from the cottage door. Mary was not there, and he went away to the city with anger and disappointment in his heart. The next day the church-bells chimed a merry peal. Prince Salm had married Mary. She was married in her humble garments, which were then sent to her mother in the cottage, to be safely kept in order that Mary should often see them, and be reminded of her poor estate and humble origin, lest comfort and splendour should destroy her by pride.

Prince Salm loved Mary, and denied her nothing that he thought good for her. But he made many strict regulations. There were never to be more than two dishes at a meal; her clothing was to be grey and coarse; she was every day to visit the poor, and sit and read to them patiently, hear their complaints, and give them advice. Every morning, she was to pass an hour in silent meditation, and was then to carry necessaries to her mother in the hovel. Prince Salm never relaxed these regulations. He also put her frequently in the way of receiving slights on account of her

former poverty and her low birth. If she wished very much for anything, he generally denied it, at least for a time. She learned painting and music; but whenever she executed a drawing of which she was proud, he tore it up; when she sang and played, he said nothing in praise of her execution and voice, but pointed out to her all her defects. This was a severe education. Yet the change from her former life was so great, that it seemed no drawback to her happiness. She loved her husband, and her soul was purity and innocence itself; and therefore no dark shadows of discontent ever crossed her heart.

Yet the words of Ahriman had sunk deep into her mind. His very accents rang on her ears, and the look of the black-haired foreigner was often before her eyes. At first she merely wondered what a life in the great city should be like. She felt a strange curiosity to see it,—merely to see it, for once. She lightly mentioned this foolish whim to her husband; but his look of anger and distress prevented her from ever alluding to it again. She harboured the thought, however, secretly in her mind. Soon she began to long for such a life,—merely as a change. Then she began comparing it, day by day, and hour by hour, with her present life. Presently she began to feel irritated at her

husband's regulations; she even spurned, inwardly at least, her husband's manifold restraints. Soon she began to despise her mother, and hate the humble hovel. She was now extremely angry at every allusion to her birth or former life; while a dislike for her good lord was gradually growing in her breast.

Yet nothing was wanting to make her happy; while that which she desired was sure (as the event proved) to make her miserable. In every way she was comfortable, and her life was even splendid. Why, then, was she miserable now? She had contracted a perverse love of an imaginary liberty; and, therefore, became irritated at the wise regulations which her lord had imposed, in order to keep under the sway of reason those tumultuous, those seditious passions which luxury and splendour were otherwise sure to engender. A love of liberty? Yes, she thought already, that her own reason was a sufficient and a sure guide in all the difficulties and perplexities of life. This root of all evil the astute stranger had adroitly planted in the soil of pride. The ill weed grew apace in her soul.

At last the day arrived when she could no longer brook what she called "the servile yoke of her tyrant." In a moment of desperation, she determined to free herself, and live henceforth in the great and brilliant city (which she now spent her days in imagining and her nights in dreaming) without any guide but her fancy, without any of those monotonous and harassing regulations (as they now seemed) to bridle her lawless impulses and wayward caprices. Accidentally, her eyes rested on the maxim painted up on the wall in her husband's state-banquetting hall: Corporis voluptates, potissima peccandi materies. She saw it, and she loathed it.

Her resolution was taken. She packed up all her jewels; she went to her husband's écritoire, and took out a large sum of money and of bonds, which he had that morning received; then, with her maid and man-servant, she left her happy home for the great obstreperous city; and she said to herself: "With such a command of money, I may indulge every desire and gratify every fancy. I shall at least live free in the midst of enjoyment, and unrestrained among adoring crowds, who will worship my beauty and hang upon my words."

In the great city she arrived. Among the whirling crowds of the anxious devotees of pleasure, she moved. She went to balls and parties; she partook of every gaiety; for Ahriman took care to introduce her to the best society, and to get her invited to every amusement. He always attended

her as her devoted servant, and anticipated every wish of hers. The gay world dazzled her; the soft balm of adulation charmed her; the constant excitement carried her away, as in a flood of pleasure; and yet Ahriman saw that she was not happy. He redoubled his efforts; but even in the gay throng, and amidst excitement and mirth, she was sick at heart. A hidden worm seemed to be always gnawing in her soul. She endeavoured to still it; she sought to smother her thoughts, and forget her qualms, by indulging still more in gaieties, and increasing the pamperings of her appetites. She could not forget. She was not happy.

Her extravagance speedily reduced the stock of money which she had brought with her. The two servants, who loved her husband, and were shocked at her ingratitude, then ran away to the Prince of Salm, taking her jewels with them. She was now alone, without money, and with no jewel except the ruby heart, which she still concealed under her dress. She had squandered all. That crisis had arrived which her constant attendant and evil adviser—Ahriman, who pretended to be her devoted lover—had long ago contemplated, and had precipitated by his advice. That vile voluptuary designed to carry her off to a

tion in her mind, and planned how she could perform it. She then remembered her husband's extreme gentleness; and his free and open generosity became vivid in her recollection: "Worthless as I am, I believe he will not spurn me. He may, perhaps, forgive me, and let me serve, in the humblest station, on the mountains outside his gate, where I may sometimes see him at a distance."

Days have passed away.

With hasty steps and panting heart, wearied and footsore,—who is this that approaches the humble hovel on the hill? It is Mary returning to her widowed mother's home. She seizes her coarse and humble garments, which she wore before her wedding; and with uncombed, streaming hair, and face unwashed and begrimed with tears, she rushes into the banqueting-hall of the Prince of Salm, and throws herself at his feet. Before all the assembled guests she appears, and sobs and cries aloud. No false shame, no fear of the scorn of those whom before she regarded as beneath her: no thought of what the servants should say, now occupy her mind, or deter her from fulfilling her determination. Her love, her now overpowering and all-absorbing love for him, leaves no room and poignant grief, she compared her present misery, with the happiness that she had enjoyed with her lord,—her present anxiety, with her former peace of mind; her present squalor, with her former innocent comforts; the sharp pangs of her bitter remorse, and the turbulence of her evil passion, with her former calmness and serenity of mind; her present weariness of body and soul, with the repose that she had formerly enjoyed. She now saw that Ahriman was the origin and cause of all her misery. Disgust and horror possessed her mind, and hatred for her ruthless tyrant made her gnash her teeth in unavailing rage.

In the agony of her grief, she clasped her hands upon her breast. She felt there the ruby which her noble husband had given her before her marriage; and the flame of her former love burned again in her breast. She rolled on the ground in her despair, crying out: "Wretch that I am! degraded and ungrateful! how can my good and tender husband ever forgive me?" She kissed the ruby heart again and again; and it seemed to give her strength: "I will run and fling myself at his feet," she said, "and beg him to kill me. I would rather die by his hand, than live any longer in this vile city!"

She grew calmer, as she revolved this determina-

tion in her mind, and planned how she could perform it. She then remembered her husband's extreme gentleness; and his free and open generosity became vivid in her recollection: "Worthless as I am, I believe he will not spurn me. He may, perhaps, forgive me, and let me serve, in the humblest station, on the mountains outside his gate, where I may sometimes see him at a distance."

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If she had remarked who was at the table, she might indeed have faltered. Ahriman stood up and denounced her before the gay throng, rehearsing every act of shame, and omitting no detail of all her crimes. The company sprang to their feet in disgust, gesticulating and shouting in the excess A self-righteous Pharisee stepped of their scorn. forward, and implored the Prince of Salm to cast her out, lest her moral degradation should defile them, and her dirty, unkempt condition, should contaminate them. Their objurgations, and her sobs and cries had broken, in strange contrast, on the joys of the banquet.

The Prince of Salm slowly rose, and calmly said: Intelligit quam funesta sit animæ Deo exosæ, infernosque cruciatus merentis conditio (She has learned how grievous and miserable is the state of a soul that loves not her lord, and merits the pains of hell). She heard these words without knowing what they meant. Enough for her were the tones of kind sympathy in the voice that spoke them. She also heeded not what was said by the guests; the scorn on their faces was unobserved by her; and their cruel jeers were unheard by her; so wholly she longed for her lord's forgiveness.

The Prince of Salm saw the intensity of her love; and his heart yearned for her with a greater love. In the bright light of the banqueting-hall, the ruby heart shone on her open breast, and reflected back ray for ray. The Prince lifted her up, and embraced her before the astonished guests.

Although forgiven, and fully reinstated, she could neither forget her baseness, nor his goodness; her worthlessness, nor his generosity; her degradation, nor his nobleness. The one served as a foil to increase the joy which the contemplation of the other afforded her. Once before, he had raised her from a humble condition, and she returned his favour with ingratitude. He had now lifted her from a far greater degradation, and her whole soul was devoted to the task of making a fitting return.

THE LAST MASS.

On a high precipitous rock, in the mountains of the Lebanon, stood a monastery of the Augustinian monks. On three sides of the irregular rectangular figure, the walls of the monastery rose sheer up from the top of the cliff, so that any one who looked out of a window would see, a thousand feet below him, the bouldered bed of the winter torrent, which led up, through deep gorges and narrow ravines, to a high and rugged pass in the mountains. On the fourth side, which faced the south, there was a long sloping garden. The soil of this garden had, through years of labour, been carried in baskets, on the heads of the monks, up a steep and zigzag pathway from the plain to the south-eastern angle of the garden. This was the only approach to the monastery. At the upper end of the garden there stood the church of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. It was a noble structure of early Gothic architecture, occupying the whole southern side of the monastery. In the

eastern end, there was a huge circular window of painted glass, the heavier mullions of which formed a pentalpha within a stone circle, standing on a straight base, like an omega. There was, therefore, a pentagon in the middle of this window: and it was occupied by a splendid representation. in coloured glass, of our blessed Saviour's crucifixion. When Antiochus Soter defended Svria. the flag which brought him victory was, according to the legend, a pentalpha, around which were inscribed the five Greek letters which signify "Health" or "Salvation." The same letters appeared in this church window; while other five letters shone at the five points of the star formed by the pentalpha, which gave the interpretation of the old pentagram. These five letters made the Greek name of "Jesus," Healer or Saviour.

The porch of the church consisted of three Gothic doors; above which there was an equilateral triangle in stone, containing another circular painted glass window, representing the birth of our Lord. Above the higher angle of the triangle, and therefore above the middle door, there rose, in grade above grade, a representation of the nine choirs of angels, surrounded by an upright gilt sceptre. At another angle there was a gilt crown, which shed rays of light on a crown of thorns,

sculptured in stone, and the letters A R T (Adveniat Regnum Tuum). At the third angle there was a gilt dove, which shed rays of light upon a stone ball containing the letters F V T (Fiat Voluntas Tua). The Gothic porches themselves consisted of numerous sculptured arches, one within another, standing on as many pillars, receding from the outmost pillar to the basso-relievo doors of bronze. These doors presented to view the various incidents in the life of our blessed Saviour.

Let us pass within. It is very early in the morning, two hours before the sunrise, and the first mass is about to be sung. Let us go up to the middle of the transept. There are a number of lights already lit above the open books of the monks. As we look back we see column after column dimmer and dimmer in the perspective, until the rest are lost in darkness. The aisles seem, therefore, of an infinite length. We look up; and each column is similarly merged in darkness, and seems of endless height. Turn to the high altar. A sculptured tomb, in the transept. somewhat hides our view. It is the resting-place of a saint, the founder and first abbot of the monastery. Beyond it there rises the high altar of polished brass. The five large candles and twelve smaller candles on the altar are already lit. They represent, it is said, the five wounds, and the twelve apostles. They are reflected in the brass, and multiplied by the many angles and turns, until there appear to be as many candles as there are stars on the midnight sky above. Beyond the high altar, there is a high Gothic arch; and from the middle of each side of it, there descends an arched limb resting on a pillar in the middle. The interstice above this pillar is in the shape of a heart. Beyond these stone arches, which are dimly seen in the lamplight, all is now lost in darkness. Before the mass is over, the sun's first level rays will stream through the pentalpha window of coloured glass. A huge sanctuary lamp of red glass, in the shape of a heart, was suspended by a long brass chain from the middle of the transept, under the high tower of the church.

One of the brothers, whose name in religion was Augustine, was a tall and powerful man, of very commanding appearance. His step was measured, and his bearing erect. He had a military aspect, which was increased by a long scar across one cheek, and another scar at the side of his head. His forehead was high and broad, and his head was bald. His beard was

of an iron grey. His right hand and wrist also bore the marks of a severe wound. His real name no one knew: and as he was extremely reserved. none of the brothers had become acquainted with his antecedents. But he had once been overheard. while in conversation with the abbot, to mention princes and statesmen in Spain, Italy, France, and Morocco: and it was rumoured that he was a king who had abdicated, or some great warrior who sought, by his austerities and penances in the monastery, to expiate dark crimes committed in his early career. He was apparently the most devout and the most self-mortifying of all the community, and was treated with great consideration by the abbot. It was the custom of brother Augustine to rise every midnight, and enter the church by the light of the sanctuary lamp, to pray for an hour by the tomb of the saintly founder.

One night, while absorbed in prayer, his attention was aroused by soft sounds of music. He thought that the *Tantum ergo* was being sung by the choir in the cloisters outside. On looking up, he saw the candles on the high altar alight, and a priest, in full vestments, standing before him at the end of the founder's tomb. The priest had white hair, and a white beard, and a mild look; but his eye was bright and piercing. His vestments shone

with a metallic brilliancy. As brother Augustine gazed in wonder, the old priest said: "I am about to offer the divine victim: come and serve the mass for me." Brother Augustine rose and entered the sanctuary. At once he felt overwhelmed with awe, and a deep feeling of reverence; and yet an ineffable happiness came upon him. When the mass was finished, he remained for a moment with his head bent low in prayer and awe; then he rose to precede the old priest to the sacristy. The priest was gone. In the sacristy he was not to be found. The candles on the high altar were extinguished. Only the sanctuary lamp was burning. "I must have been asleep and dreaming," thought he.

The next night, as midnight approached, he entered the church in trepidation. He approached the sanctuary lamp, and cast an anxious glance around as he fell upon his knees. It was a moment of consolation and joy for him. He prayed with more warmth and fervency than ever. The deep tones of the bell slowly tolled the hour of twelve to the midnight air. Again the Tantum ergo was chanted in the distance. Again the altar candles began to burn. Again the old priest stood before him and said the same words. He had determined to ask the priest to tell him who he was, and how

often he would say the midnight mass; but the intended words sank down in his heart, instead of rising to his lips. "After mass I will ask him," he said. The same awe overwhelmed him; the same holy joy possessed him. After mass, he rose to go, when, perceiving that the sanctuary gate was left open, he turned to shut it. In a moment the priest was gone, and, except the sanctuary lamp, all was dark throughout the church. For some time he remained in prayer, and then retired to his cell.

The next morning Brother Augustine went to the abbot, and told him all that had occurred. "Speak to the old priest, my son, before you serve the mass, if he should appear again; ask him who he is, and say that you wish to receive the blessed Sacrament from his hands." Midnight came; and twelve times the deep-mouthed bell boomed out Again the Tantum ergo was sung. the old priest appeared and stood before Brother Augustine, without saying a word. Before rising from his knees, Brother Augustine, in obedience to his superior's orders, said, "Tell me your name, I pray, and who you may be; and, if you be a holy priest, give me the blessed Sacrament, I humbly beg you, for the sake of our blessed Saviour." The old priest said, "I have suffered for others, and still suffer. You, too, have suffered for others, and laboured, and given yourself for them, without seeking a reward on this earth. You have been content to receive in return, nought but their contempt and malice. Once more serve the mass for me, and receive the blessed Sacrament, and then I will serve the mass for you."

He served the mass, and the distant choirs continued to chaunt. When the mass was finished, he rose, and saw, to his surprise, that he too had shining vestments on. He proceeded to say the mass, and as he bowed he observed, for the first time, a wound in each hand and each foot of the old priest who was serving him. As he continued the mass, the lights burned brighter and brighter on the altar: and the soft music of many voices crept along the cathedral roof, and deep-toned. diapasons rolled upwards through the aisles. The old priest, who served him, was clothed in shining white, like the sun upon the fresh-fallen snow. " Domine non sum dignus," Brother Augustine said in humble sincerity and awe. The echoes of the cathedral answered, "Dignus," "Domine non sum dignus," he said again; and again the echoes answered, "Dignus." This distressed him, for he was very humble. "Domine non sum dignus," and the echo came, as if from the great crucifix above the transept, and, in tones far louder than his, he heard.

"Dignus." The old priest stood beside him and said, "I am He whom thou hast received; now come with me."

In the morning all the brothers entered for the early mass, and found brother Augustine lying placidly, as if in a blissful slumber, by the high altar steps. They looked on him, and lifted him up; and some of the brothers who were ill were restored to health as they carried him.

By the altar steps, where he lay, a tomb was raised; and on the tomb every one may read this inscription:*—



Dulce nobis Jesu nomen; Optimum salutis omen; Mel in ore, in aure melos; παντῶν τέλος, Sis in vita salus fortis; Bitam ba in hora mortis. Anchora sis semper tristi, Nomen charum Jesu Christi.

^{*} These lines were given to the author by the Rev. Canon Jenkins.

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